THE

OMNIUM;

CONTAINING

THE JOURNAL OF A LATE THREE DAYS TOUR INTO FRANCE;

CURIOUS AND EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTES;

Critical Remarks;

AND OTHER MISCELLANEOUS PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY WILLIAM CLUBBE, LL.B.

VICAR OF BRANDESTON, SUFFOLK.

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ERRATA.

Page 35, *line* 7, *for* discovered, *read* discovering.
79, 7, *for Far* much out of the way for *Flower*,
read Flower much out of the way for *Far*.
12, *for* liberal construction, *read* literal.
78, 10, *for in* his translation, *read on*

A

JOURNAL

OF A LATE

THREE DAYS TOUR INTO FRANCE.

BEFORE our departure from London, it was agreed between my companion and myself, to diversify the scenes of our excursion as much as possible by our mode of travelling. Instead, therefore, of pursuing the common route to Dover by land, it was determined to go by Gravesend, in one of those vessels equipped for this service, called a Gravesend Boat. Our landlord took much pains to dissuade us from this purpose, by stating the inconveniencies we might be put to on the passage, and the certain disagreeable circumstance of sailing with the lowest of company. His arguments had considerably gained upon us, when he too hastily

suggested that the *Coach*, of which he was a proprietor, was allowed to be the best that travelled the Kentish road. *Qui nimis probat, nihil probat*, said my friend, who is a gentleman of the law: we therefore pursued our first design.

Our company, it is true, did not fall short of his description; but I have no objection, myself, to this kind of society for the day; and I trust, in this instance, the adage does not hold good, "That a man is known by the company he keeps." Of all the occurrences in the voyage of *Horace* to *Brundisium*, those between the boatmen and passengers, at the first setting off, always pleased me most. When he gets into the polite company of *Mæcenas*, *Cocceius*, and others, the Journal grows insipid. I suppose the poet, as is very common, could not laugh with his natural gaiety and freedom before such great personages. But even in a description of the first kind, the idiom of the *Latin* language falls infinitely short of that of the *Thames*: "*Ohe! jam satis est*"—is flat indeed, compared with—"Shove off, shove off, you'll sink the boat to hell and be d—d to you all." I remarked many other expressions full as nervous as any thing we meet with even in the *Greek*. A boy, but half knowing, or half doing what he is about, they call a

"Dead

" Dead-alive son of a b——h*." In a word, the language of the Thames seems much to resemble its parent river, not the elegant chrystal stream, but copious and fluent.

In passing through the pool, you are struck rather with the marvellous than the beautiful or pleasing. A mere landsman, not reasoning on the impossibility of it, might conclude that all the shipping in the world had been driven by a concurrence of winds into this one river. As you clear this immense forest of masts, Greenwich Hospital, the receptacle of disabled and decayed Seamen, opens upon you, and leaves you at a loss which most to admire, the magnificence of the building, or the munificence of the design; the national policy of it, perhaps, is equal to either.

For some miles lower down, almost as far as the eye can reach, it is offended, as I suppose (under particular circumstances of wind and weather) other faculties must be, by human figures hanging upon gibbets. Having never seen any thing of the kind before, these objects fixed my attention, and led me to reflect on the uſe of exposing

* We have something like it in Homer: Ζωοστὲ νεκυστε.

exposing such dismal spectacles to the world. Why not, I thought, after the ends of justice are satisfied, and the occasion of further mischief to society prevented, suffer the criminal to be buried in oblivion, and forget, as soon as possible, that such a disgrace to humanity did ever exist. That the example has but little weight, seems evident, from the number exhibited. Our captain reasoned upon the subject much better than myself. The crimes, Sir! said he, for which these miserable objects are exposed, are almost peculiar to seamen, viz. piracy, and other offences attendant on a sea life. The objects are so situated that almost every sailor, in the commercial line at least, must see them. Now, having the same temptations, opportunities, and perhaps inclinations, they easily make the case their own, and it is then that example operates most powerfully. To judge from my own feelings, for one who passes this sight with unthinking indifference, thousands are seriously and sensibly affected by it.

The wind failing, we were obliged to put on shore, about three miles from a little town called North Fleet, or submit to the worse alternative of lying all night in the boat, amongst wrangling husbands, sick wives, squalling children, and all the enemies of sleep and comfort.

comfort. It was now, for the first time, I felt myself uneasy in the company we were leagued with: of those who went on shore with us, there were several who, from their appearance, might have been glad of half a crown to carry our portmanteau for us; but not one who, from the same appearance, could be safely trusted with it: it, therefore, fell to my lot to carry it myself. Retarded with this weight upon my shoulders, my companion and I were soon left behind, to explore our path as well as we could, in almost total darkness, through fields and bye-ways to the great road, to all which we were entire strangers. I confess, I was under some apprehensions that one or more of the company that had left us, might return and ease me of my burthen. The appearance of lights, therefore, was very agreeable, and between ten and eleven o'clock we were happy to find ourselves at a comfortable inn in the village; where we were well entertained, and had good beds.

The next morning we took the first Diligence that offered for Canterbury, and it was my good fortune to be under the necessity of going on the box, there being but one vacancy in the inside; by this means I saw the most of the very fine country we had to pass through. There is nothing particularly striking at Rochester but the bridge,

bridge, which, both for its heighth and structure, is truly worth seeing. They tell a story in the place, that some years since, when the centre arch was under repair, a traveller on horse-back crossed it in the dark upon a single plank, and that, at sight of his danger the next morning, the palpitation occasioned was so great, that he instantly died of it: if true, the escape and the effects seem equally singular. From an hill, between Chatham and Canterbury, you command in one point of view a vast tract of the inland parts of Kent; the Medway and Thames for many miles; Sheppy Island, and Sheerness.

Nothing worth remarking occurred at Canterbury; we dined in company with a *Scotch* physician, who travelled thus far with us; he was a sensible pleasant man, but rather too much touched with the economy of his countrymen. Though we had ample time upon our hands for dressing a good dinner, he was much against it, prescribing *cold* meat, instead of *hot;* and *water*, as much more wholesome than any kind of *malt* liquor; I could not but smile at the reason subjoined to the prescription: "besides, gentlemen," added he, "thase are by much the chapest articles." In the rear of a thousand reasons, *besides* always brings up the true one. He descanted much upon the non-necessity of wine, and it

was

was with difficulty he consented to a bottle amongst four of us. It was remarkable, however, after the cork was drawn, and the contents irrecoverably made our own, how strenuous he was against giving our civil coachman a glass of it, and eager in securing a full portion to himself.

From Canterbury to Dover, the prospects are not so extensive as some we had passed, but, to my taste, more pleasing. The hills, woods, and vallies, intersecting each other at various, and irregular angles, produce an effect beyond any thing I ever saw in the best of artificial designs. From a very high eminence, as you advance to Dover, the hills beneath so much resemble the waves of a swelling sea, that I could not but fancy I saw them in motion. I had heard much of the Castle here, and upon a distant view of it, it answered my expectation; but upon closer inspection, I did not think myself at all paid for my labour in climbing the steep and almost inaccessible hill it stands upon; nor did *Shakespear's* cliff, in my estimation, at all answer the poet's description of it.

The next morning we embarked in a Calais pacquet, which we found a very commodious and even elegant vessel;

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vessel; a circumstance particularly agreeable, as it proved a dead calm, and we were nine hours upon a passage of only one and twenty miles. It is from the sea that the cliffs appear to the best advantage, and in this point of view they are beautiful beyond description; *Shakespear*'s—like the genius that gave name to it—*super-eminet omnes!* Our company consisted of English, French, and Germans: the English were all jolly, and sometimes, I thought, rather too coarse in their jokes upon foreigners. The French, without any assistance from the bottle, were equally chearful and more polite. The Germans were very civil, but very grave and reserved. My companion, an honest Quaker, and myself, were the only three who knew not a syllable of any modern language but our own. This was an awkward circumstance, and likely to prove still more so when we should arrive at Calais. A Frenchman undertook to teach me some common expressions, such as—how to call the waiter, order supper, wine, and the like, for which I thought myself much obliged to him, without much reason, as will appear in the sequel.

A French female, apparently a gentlewoman, without being asked, sung several songs and very pleasingly; the company joined in thanks to her for the entertainment

ment she had afforded, when, to the surprize of all, she demanded payment, as being an actress, and singing in her characters. One of her countrymen seemed evidently hurt at this part of her conduct; but finding, upon enquiry, that the poor creature had not a single livre in her pocket to defray her passage, he gave her, accompanied with an apology, a Louis d'or. She sung again, but it was impossible she could sing or converse with more spirit than she did before; so little did she seem affected by the difference between extreme poverty and comparative affluence.

We were now to be subject to the compleatest piece of imposition I ever met with, and to which it was necessary to submit with our eyes open. We had concluded the pacquet would land us for our fare, which was half a guinea; but the captain brought-to within a very little of shore, and a boat immediately came off to us. Before we were suffered to enter, each passenger paid half a crown: "Well," said my friend, "the distance is little enough for the money, but no great harm in this." Within twenty yards of the shore this boat brought-to likewise, under pretence of want of water. Of all the clamours that issue from a combination of rooks, jackdaws, pigs, and magpies, I never heard any thing so dis-

sonant as that which ensued: in an instant we were surrounded by Frenchmen, running up to their waists, who, without any ceremony, pulled us out of the boat; took us any how on their shoulders; landed, and demanded half a crown of us, for this trip in the way to Calais. I must just observe, that the Cliffs here seem the exact counterpart of those at Dover; because it seems much to correspond with Burnett's famous Theory (by most people thought whimsical), that our earth, before the flood, was all continent. I know he is thought to attribute that wonderful event too much to natural causes, in derogation of the Divine Power; but if he is not perfectly orthodox, he is certainly perfectly ingenious.

We were now conducted by an English waiter, who attended to invite us, to Monsieur *Dessein*'s, the first-rate house in Calais, and shown into a room that, for height and size, might fairly be called magnificent. The ornamental parts of the furniture, such as the hangings, sconces, &c. corresponded with it; but for the useful, it was fortunate for me that our friend the Quaker, in his aversion to all ceremony, sat down first, for the chair in an instant was a compleat wreck, and he, in weight about eighteen stone, stranded upon the floor. This incident, with the contrast between shew and substance

before

before me, brought to my mind a remark I have often heard made upon the French, that, with all their volatile and boisterous spirits, they have *no bottoms*.

I was now to repeat my lesson, in calling for supper, in which my French master on board assured me I was perfect. Our waiter could hardly explain to me for laughing, that, by a mistake in terms, I had ordered a roasted *cat*, and a fricassee of *toads:* we left it to him, therefore, to order for us, and had an elegant supper of fish, fowls, and all vegetables in season. The cooking, however, was not to our taste, much less the implements we were to eat with, which looked as if the wiping of a greasy dish-cloth was all the cleaning they had had since they came out of the maker's hands; they appeared at the same time to be of some antiquity. The bread was nothing near so good as what goes by the name of French bread here: but the wines, exceeding our expectations, made up for all. We drank the *vin de grave* as a substitute for beer; in short, between an actual relish for them, and a mistake about the strength of our liquors, by half-past eleven we were all perfectly happy, or, as we appeared to the waiters, perfectly *Angloise;* for, upon calling for a last bottle of claret, they would hardly give us credit for being in earnest. As I walked

up

up stairs the poet's remark struck me very forcibly, where he says—

"*Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*"

We had excellent beds here, but made up so very lofty that it is very difficult to get in, and almost dangerous to get out of them.

Curiosity called me up pretty soon in the morning, and the first object that I saw in the yard was a person in the clerical habit, in close conversation and a hearty laugh with the boot-cleaner; on my appearance, he put on a graver face and withdrew. I had always conceived that Mr. *Bunbury*, in his *Postilione Germanico*, had exceeded the due bounds of caricature in the dress, and especially the boot; I now saw it was but a just representation: I took down one, and could step into it with my own on, scarcely touching it in any point; I saw some postilions in them, who I am confident did not weigh so much as their boots. The *Mendicant Friar* now returned again, with a basket upon his arm, and presented me with a paper in English, signifying that he belonged to a society without property, who lived altogether upon alms, and implored blessings continually upon the souls of their benefactors. His plump looks, together with the low character I had so lately seen him in, shut the door

door of my charity against him: *besides*, at that time, I had no money in my pocket: I observed the boot-cleaner kept his eye upon us; before, he had been very assiduous to satisfy my curiosity in examining his stock, but after this, he was equally cool about it, not knowing my principal reason for refusing a trifling gratuity to a brother priest; perhaps he was right.

We went to the church here, and our friend the Quaker, sitting down again *totis viribus*, was near making a wreck of another chair. I had prevailed upon him to pull off his hat, but I could have bent the steeple sooner than his knees, either by force or persuasion; he sat a few minutes, and then exclaimed, in a voice too audible, "This is vanity, friend! hast thou not had enough of it!" I answered in a whisper that I should wait a little longer—"Then, friend," replied he, in his former tone, "thou art a weaker man than I took thee to be," and marched back to our inn again; where I found him upon my return regaling himself with our new-discovered liquor called *vin de grave*. He certainly displayed the *justum et tenacem propositi virum*, but I think it might be said of him—*non erat hic locus*.

My companion and I went from church to the parade, where an incident might have happened which, in the consequence,

consequence, evinces the impropriety of trusting yourself in a strange country without any knowledge of its language or customs; at least without an interpreter. But few do this, I suppose, except through necessity. We were walking up to the top of the ramparts, when a centinel cried out "*Prenez garde, prenez garde:*" my friend just knew the English of this, and we thanked him, as well as we could, for his caution, supposing he meant to warn us against falling over, and signifying that we should take care. As we advanced he grew still more agitated and vociferous, which we still attributed to the same cause. At this instant an English gentleman called to us to stop, and then explained to us, as interpreter for the soldier, that if we had proceeded any farther he, by the laws of the garrison, must have done his duty, that is, put us under confinement, where we must have remained till the commandant should examine and discharge us.

In our return to *Dessein*'s we passed through the Market, which was full: the meat in general, and especially the veal, looked worse than the worst I ever saw at Harwich, or other sea-ports, waiting for the chance of wind-bound colliers; neither the fowls nor vegetables pleased me: but I was most disgusted at the slovenly dress and appearance of the venders.

We

We now contracted with our landlord for a Carriage to St. Omers, a stage of about thirty miles into the country; it was an English post chaise, apparently lowered and altered to a box: for this we were to give one guinea, the coachman to be at every expence for himself and horses, and return with us the next evening at nine o'clock, the time of shutting the gates of Calais. To magnify the cheapness of the contract, the rogue of an English waiter, or rather the waiter who spoke English, gravely told us, that even the payment of *turn-pikes* would not fall upon *us*, ingeniously deceiving us without telling a lie: for we never passed one, and it seems there is not one in all France. Our friend the Quaker was obliged to go a different route, and we parted with much reluctance; he was a very pleasant man, and much disposed for conviviality; our loss, however, was repaired by the company of another English gentleman, who to equal pleasantry and good humour, added what we so much wanted, a little knowledge of the French tongue.

My curiosity was now alive, to see a country which a French gentleman on board had assured me was infinitely more fine in all parts of it, than that we had just left; if he was not laughing, how blindly partial must he have been

been to his *natale solum!* For the two first posts, or ten or twelve miles, we were upon a dead flat; the only object to look at was the road we were travelling upon, which is spacious, and generally seen to a considerable distance, through an avenue of trees planted with the exactest regularity on each side of it: they are chiefly elms, of the Hertfordshire kind: these, for the most part, form the only boundary against the fields; the road itself is paved throughout, but you do not perceive this for miles together, from the accumulation, I suppose, of dirt upon it. We baited our horses at a little village called Ardres, celebrated by the tournaments, &c. and interview of Henry VIII. and Francis I. For the next eighteen miles the country rather improves; but in general it wears no better appearance than the open fielding in Norfolk, mixed with the flat and enclosed parts of Suffolk and Essex: if any thing could remind me of the least extensive prospect in Kent, it was one that opened upon us just as we reached St. Omers.

I could not but remark, that in this whole stage, we never saw a gentleman's house, or met a gentleman's carriage, or passed a single village, if three houses are required to make one, but that already mentioned. The crops looked very well upon the whole, but from the

little

little I know of tillage or husbandry, I am sure an English farmer, from his improved methods in both, would make twice as much of the lands; I did not see a score of sheep or grazing cattle in the way; a good many very lean cows; but still more, and much leaner hogs; from their length and make I could hardly think them of the same species or even genus as our own. We contrived to ask a fellow who was driving an herd of them, whether the *greyhounds* he was airing belonged to His Majesty of France? What would have called forth a volley of oaths from a drover here, passed off with perfect good humour there: the fellow laughed very heartily at the question; but perhaps he laughed all the while at our seeming ignorance in asking it. Upon recollection, we passed one house which looked like a gentleman's; but chiefly remarkable for the taste of the garden, which was laid out in three strait parallel walks, a grass one in the middle, bound up by one of gravel on each side, with not a shrub or flower to part them.

We reached the Hotel Royal at St. Omers about five o'clock, and found we had travelled at the fair rate of six miles an hour: whether it was founded in humanity or custom, I was much pleased with our coachman's mode of driving, which I suppose is general; instead of apply-

ing the whip to his horses to accelerate their speed, he constantly cracked it over his own head; this anodyne terror seemed to answer all the purposes of more brutal severity: that he was an humane, tender-hearted man I am persuaded from this circumstance, whenever any children or other beggars came up to our windows, he was sure to slacken his pace and give time for our charity to operate; indeed, we were almost forced to be charitable to get on: I think it too pitiful to suppose he had any interest in our trifling donations. His religion I might question, or rather, suspect from his conduct, that some Roman Catholic Superstitions have lost their weight even amongst the lower orders of the people: for I remarked that he never crossed himself or bowed to any of the crucifixes erected on the road side; indeed he generally passed them, either whistling, shaking his legs, (for he seldom touched the foot board) or smacking his whip; after all, he might fairly conclude that Englishmen would not observe it, or if they did, would not be offended at this want of reverence.

I was awaked early in the morning by the piping of quails; recollecting that it was a large town I was in, I concluded at first that I had been dreaming of them, but soon found the notes realized from two cages hanging at the

the outside of the window. I could not have slept much longer, or indeed have wished it, for the chimes in the abbey; I know very little of music myself, but, what I never heard in chimes before, they seemed to be accompanied by a regular bass, as upon a harpsichord. At this abbey I saw the strange ceremony of confession; the priest appeared to be shut up in a clock-case, with a crack in the front pannel just wide enough to shew a part of his surplice, and tell you he was in his office ready for business: on each side was an aperture just like that through which you see the works of this machine, and a female at each in the most devout manner confessing herself. Though I stood very near and for some time, I could hear nothing, and probably came away with a false opinion, that nothing at all had passed between the parties.

We left the abbey to go to the cathedral, where High Mass was performed on account of its being the Virgin Mary's birth-day; there was a decent solemnity in some parts of the service, that I confess had an awful and pleasing effect upon me, but all was destroyed again, by the politeness rather than reverence which was paid to the most ridiculous images of saints: to pass by others, the Virgin Mary who was particularly brought forward on this

this occasion, was a brazen figure, not much larger than our largest dolls, and painted upon the cheeks much in the same style; to this every priest as he passed it bowed, just in the loose manner we do to an acquaintance passing in the streets. I observed one, who through absence I suppose forgot this ceremony, go back again to perform it, and apologize, as I guessed, for his first omission, by repeated and more reverential bows. Their paintings are truly fine, and I wonder their worship is not more directed to them, as really adorable compared with their images; but the latter I presume, are better suited to the genius of the vulgar, upon whom this religion is principally designed to operate.

It happened to be the day appointed for depositing the colours of the National Troops in this cathedral, their march up the grand aisle to the steps leading to the altar, with drums beating and other martial music, had a very grand as well as unusual appearance; there were nearly as many of the King's Troops both officers and soldiers, as spectators only of this ceremony, and I felt myself under some apprehensions (however groundless), that the House of Prayer, might literally be turned into the Champ de Mars, but all was perfectly quiet: I obser- but one person in the whole crowd, so absurd I think, as

not

not to put on the National Cockade, and he was an Englishman; a party of *John Bull's*, thus opposing the humours of the time and place, most likely would have attracted notice and produced a riot.

As we were leaving the cathedral, a French gentleman earnestly urged our staying to see the Elevation of the Virgin; my thoughtless companion, without any design or idea of offending, coolly replied that he had lately seen members of parliament chaired in England, and he did not suppose this could be a finer sight.

——*Tremor ima per ossa cucurrit.*

In short, I felt for him, as already consigned over to an inquisition. The Gentleman, I believe, saw my distress, but immediately relieved it: "Your friend, Sir," said he, "clearly has not de religion in him, but he may still be de honest and de good kind of man." I caught instantly at the concession, told him it was his very character, and he seemed highly delighted with having so sagaciously hit upon it.

We went from hence to the nunnery, but were not permitted to see the nuns; the lady at the grate was evidently past her meridian, and her fading beauty called to my mind *Swift's* description of *Stella*, "an angel's face

a little

a little cracked." A young gentleman of the party particularly urged the seeing them, but was told by the abbess, that the proper time for him would be a few months hence when they would all be dismissed that chose to be at liberty; we were informed however that many would prefer their present state of solitude and retirement; and such would be maintained by a revenue appropriated to the purpose for life. I could not help exclaiming at this unaccountable choice:

Eheu!

Quid? statis? nolint: atqui licet esse beatis.

After all, this choice may be the result of habit, mistaken religion, pride or disappointment, rather than of pure inclination; the last seems the least natural cause of any.

We last went to the English college, as the only thing else worth seeing in the place. The boys, to the number of near an hundred, and almost all English, were at dinner in a very spacious hall. They were divided into six or eight tables, and a monk in his habit attended upon each, apparently in the double capacity of master and servant; for he fetched what they wanted as well as carved their provisions, which this day consisted of roast beef and plumb puddings. The master

who

who shewed us the different schools and all the other apartments was perfectly a gentleman. The plan of the whole seems excellent for health as well as education; but there is a gloominess throughout, which I think is much against the recommendation of it. The dress of the masters and other superintendents carries horror with it; and we were told, as an excellence in their discipline, that the boys were never suffered to play without one of these to inspect them from a corner of the play-ground;—*ab ilice corvus*. This restraint upon puerile diversions is too much, and destroys both the pleasure and the intent of them: in short, this is the last school I would send a son to, unless he answered the description of—*Nec vult panthera domari*;—I observed (and I am sure it was not mere fancy) a general want of that chearfulness which characterizes the countenance of a school-boy.

At three o'clock was to commence the Procession of the Virgin Mary, and our hostess did not fail of hanging out the bait to allure our stay for another night; but we had seen the Virgin in her morning dress, and were satisfied that no elevation of her or other ornaments could make her an object worth looking at, we had seen too all the orders of priesthood that were to form her attendance

dance. I walked up to an altar drawn out in the street to compliment this parade, and ignorantly took it for a shew box; the attendant upon it very civilly pulled off my hat for me, and then invited me examine it as long as I liked, my curiosity was sooner satisfied, perhaps, than it might have been, had it proved the thing I took it for, so truly insignificant and ridiculous are these appendages of their religion.

The French publicans are certainly in a combination to draw you as far as they can into their country; we were told at Calais we should see nothing of France if we did not go to St. Omers, we were told at St Omers we had seen nothing at all unless we went to Lisle; our lively little coachman,—*in utrumque paratus*,—would either go with or wait for us; we were more than half inclined to proceed, when an English gentleman arrived from thence and announced that the disturbances* in that place were breaking out again: this determined us at once.

We now exchanged our English friend for a French stranger, but were fortunate in meeting with another most agreeable companion, besides a lively turn for conversation,

* This Tour was made in 1789.

conversation, he spoke our language with fluency. Our driver in going through the gate-way upon a full trot came smack upon a post, and snapped all his harness, or rather plough lines, to pieces; I never shall forget the placidity and good humour in which he got off his box, and went to splicing the fractures: how different from the temper of an English coachman, who charges all such blunders to his horses, and never fails to make them smart for it. Laughing is certainly catching; very unlike English passengers, likewise, my friend and I did nothing but laugh at the accident in unison with the driver, our companion was very angry. At Ardres, where we baited the horses again, we had the curiosity to see the accomodations of an *Hedge Ale-house*; for outward look or inside furniture, I never saw any thing so wretched or dirty in the fenns of Cambridgeshire; but here, to our surprize, we found a most grateful wine, though different from any we had yet tasted; our companion told us it was genuine Languedoc, and excellent of its kind. I remarked our coachman passed the crucifixes with the same indifference as before. We reached Calais just as the gates where shutting, and narrowly escaped an uncomfortable situation on the outside for the whole night.

The next morning we set sail for Dover again, and in proportion to the time of our departure our attendance fell off; Our English-speaking waiter, who was all assiduity upon our first landing, on the discharge of our final bill, in which his own demands upon us were without scruple allowed, took a *French* leave, and left us to trace back our path to the water side as well as we could; a sailor just lent us his hand to assist us into the boat, for which we gave him sixpence, but he demanded a shilling, and was so offended at our not complying that he threw the sixpence after us: my friend of the law, but that we were too far off, would willingly have thrown a shilling back to him, "for," said he, "*Fees of Office* should strictly be adhered to, and the man was right not to suffer a *Precedent*, that might tend to a diminution of *them*." The passage which before took up *nine* hours, we now performed in little more than *two and an half*, the wind blowing almost a gale, and so fair that we never made a tack. We had almost as much reason to complain of imposition on our landing here as on the opposite coast; the vessel brought-to a little short of the harbour, and we had to pay three shillings an head for a boat to carry us, as it appeared to me, about half a mile; these extra and extravagant expences may be general and customary here, in which case I would recommend

the

the *Pitt* passage boat, *William Sharp*, as not to be exceeded for the commodiousness of the vessel and the genteel manners of the commander.

At leaving Dover for the Continent the custom-house officer charged a shilling for looking at the *outside* of our baggage, but upon our return, he demanded eighteen pence for looking *into* it, and discovered that we had not a single article of contraband goods about us. To make subjects pay for conformity to the laws of their country seems a strange contradiction in politics; on this account chiefly we remonstrated against it, but were told if we objected to payment in this way, we were compellable to take out *letters of clearance*, which would cost us more. My friend again contended for *Fees of Office*—besides, to satisfy ourselves of the legality of the demand would have been attended with more trouble than either of us liked, so we quietly gave up the point: it is this culpable indolence that encourages and supports most of the impositions of this kind; the French gentleman was more resolute, and in consequence paid less.

In our way to London, our friend (for so I take the liberty to call him) Mr. D——, conversed with more freedom

freedom than before on the present situation of affairs in France; with respect to his own,

"*Nos patriam fugimus, nos dulcia linquimus arva,*"

was clearly written upon his countenance whenever the affairs of France were the topic of conversation; he perfectly understood the English constitution as well as language, and by references to this gave me a better idea of the subject than I had hitherto entertained.

He was himself, he told us, the *Lord of a Manor*, and fond of sporting; but such was the liberty now claimed and exercised by all ranks of people in killing the game, that he was virtually excluded from his own grounds, for it was not safe to be in the same field with such a number of guns in the hands of such raw and unexperienced sportsmen; he added, that he had counted thirty or forty at a time from his breakfast-room window.

The revenues of the church, he said, if they were much too large before, would now be more than as much too small; a certain Archbishop* would be reduced from 50,000£.

* I was told at St. Omers, that this Reverend Prelate had incurred an immense debt upon his *former* income. I attribute it to the natural ease

50,000£. a year to 1500£. and all dignitaries and orders of the church in the same proportion. The consequence, he observed, must be, that the external pomp of their religion could no longer be maintained, and its influence of course lost, where it was most wanted, over the minds of the common people.

He allowed the absolute necessity of retrenching the prerogatives of the Crown and power of the Nobles, to admit a competent degree of liberty into their constitution; but, said he, gentlemen, our patriots (if they deserve that name) have exceeded all bounds, and lost sight of that political as well as moral maxim of *Horace*,

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultrâ citrâve nequit consistere rectum.

Till a great part of the power which has been taken from the Monarch and the Nobles is restored again, there can be no permanent Constitution in France; in a word, this gentleman's political sentiments seemed to be concisely, fully, and elegantly displayed by the emblem on his

ease of the French, that not a single priest, of the many I saw there, seemed the least downcast upon the occasion; they did their duty with the strictest attention, and, as soon as it was over, joined in conversation with the officers and other gentlemen of the audience, with the greatest liveliness and familiarity.

his buttons, on which were engraved, a *Crown*, the *Cap of Liberty*, and the *Olive Branch*.

We parted with our polite and intelligent friend upon our arrival in town, but not before he had given us his address and a pressing invitation to visit him in France, should we ever make another tour thither, which he did not suppose we should, and indeed could not recommend, till the face of that kingdom wore a better aspect; in short, he left us almost to conclude, that till that period, we should not find him at home.

ANECDOTES

AND

CRITICAL REMARKS.

WITCHCRAFT.

CURIOUS CASE OF THE REV. JOHN LOWES, FORMERLY VICAR OF BRANDESTON, SUFFOLK.

THAT a belief in necromancy, witchcraft, and such like preposterous absurdities should have prevailed in times of extreme ignorance, is not a matter of much surprize to us, ignorance being justly accounted the nurse and parent of credulity. That it should have existed in an age of considerable learning and refinement, and amongst men of the first characters in that age for both, is almost as incredible as the thing itself. That such superstitions had considerable weight and credit in the most refined period of the Roman Empire, we have evidence from the eighth satire of the first book of *Horace:* but in our own country, we have no further to go back than to the reign of Charles the Second for an able divine, who firmly believed in this opinion himself, and

thought it a duty incumbent upon him, as a minister of the gospel, to inculcate the same belief in others; I mean the Rev. *Joseph Glanville** : He was one of his Majesty's chaplains, accounted a man of much ingenuity and learning, and in all respects stood high in repute in his profession.

The treatise he published on this subject, bears the quaint title of *Sadducismus Triumphatus :* in which he endeavours to prove his premises by elaborate arguments, both from scripture and reason. He then appeals to facts, either known to himself, or supported by the authority of credible witnesses. These facts, which make up a great part of the book, are as follows :— Drums, he tells us, had been distinctly heard to beat for many nights together over one house—the Devil had been seen to fly in at the windows and down the chimneys of

* *Lanea* et effigies erat, altera *Cerea*. *Horace.*

" When they would bewitch man, woman, or child, they do it sometimes by a picture made in *wax*, which the Devil formally baptizeth; they then stick it full of thorns or pins, and the person in whose name the picture is baptized, is tormented by every puncture. *Glanville.*

The reader who is curious to compare them any further, will find every extravagance of necromancy ridiculed by the Roman Poet, gravely believed in by our English Divine.

of another—many had held nocturnal meetings and conversed with him in the most familiar way: in short, such talk and transactions are stated to have passed between this demon of the lower world and the inhabitants of this, as are really more shocking than ludicrous to relate. There is no occasion to be mote particular, as the book is extant and not very uncommon.

But the credulity of a single person falls to nothing, when compared with the general sense of the nation at that time. For, to the sense of the nation we must ascribe the enforcement of the cruel laws then in being against Witches and Wizards. But what am I thinking of, and why referring to the reign of Charles the Second? The Legislature had not the good sense to repeal these barbarous and stupid statutes till far into the reign of George the Second; *O seri studiorum!*

I know of but few houses which still retain the horse-shoe on the threshold of the door, to debar the entrance of these formidable beings, and not one in my own parish, where one might suppose, from the following authentic anecdote, the dread and belief in them would have kept their ground to the latest. As this history of my predecessor calls upon the reader for no small degree

of

of faith, I give it him *verbatim* from my parish register, as recorded by the principal gentleman of the place, who lived upon the spot, and very near the time of this extraordinary transaction.

"6 Maii, 1596, JOHN LOWES, Vicar."

"After he had been vicar here about 50 years, he "was executed, in the time of the long rebellion, at St. "Edmonds Bury, with 60 more, for being a Wizard. "*Hopkins*, his chief accuser, having kept the poor old "man, then in his eightieth year, awake for several "nights, till he was delirious, and then confessed a "familiarity with the Devil, which had such weight "with the jury and his judges, viz. Serjeant *Godcold*, "old *Calamy*, and *Fairclough*, as to condemn him in "1645°. or the beginning of 1646.

The author of Hudibras alludes to him, p. 2. cant. ix.

Has not this present Parliament
A Ledger to the Devil sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted Witches out?
And has not he within a year
Hang'd *three-score* of them in one Shire?
Some, only for not being drown'd;
And some, for sitting above ground
Whole *days and nights* upon their Breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for Witches.

Mr.

Mr. *Revett*, the principal gentleman of the place above alluded to, in answer to enquiries upon this subject, writes thus:—"I have it from them who watched "with him, that they kept him awake several nights to- "gether, and ran him backward and forward about the "room until he was out of breath: then they rested him "a little, and then they ran him again; and this they "did for several days and nights together, till he was "quite weary of his life, and scarce sensible of what he "said or did. They swam* him at *Framlingham*, but "that was no true rule to try him by, for they put in "honest people at the same time, and they swam as "well as he."

Mr. Lowes, it appears, upon his trial maintained his innocence to the last. The confession extorted from him in his state of delirium, was this very strange one:— "That

* On the water-ordeal, I find this remark, in exculpation of Mr. *Lowes*. "Swimming is no proof of Witchcraft as to *aged* persons: "for the radical moisture, juices, and blood being naturally wasted "by age, the body is thereby rendered lighter than the body of water "it occupies, and consequently must swim." I think it may be thus accounted for at *all* ages: the specific gravity of the human body and of water is so nearly equal, that we should almost if not altogether swim, but for our fear of sinking. *E converso*, I conceive that the unhappy subjects of this experiment, might swim from fear they should not sink.

"That two imps attended him, that the one was always "putting him upon doing mischief: that once being "near the sea, and seeing a ship under sail, this mis- "chievous imp requested to be sent to sink it; that "he consented to the importunity, and saw it without "any other apparent cause immediately sink before "him." The concluding anecdote of my unfortunate predecessor is this:—That being precluded christian burial from the nature of his offence, he composedly and in an audible voice read the service over himself in his way to Execution.

Much as I can laugh at superstition in this way, from the following circumstance, I do not think myself quite clear of it in another: When I first took up the *British Critic* which reviewed the first Essay I offered as an author to the public, the very next article under consideration, was a Treatise on *Jail Distempers*—I trembled and thought it ominous.

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

THE common received account of this great man's death is as follows: soon after he received his second and mortal wound, an officer in attendance exclaimed, "They run,"—*Who run?* said the general,—"The French," *Do the cowards run already? then I die happy.*

The following particulars, given by Captain *Knox* in his journal of this campaign, are in my opinion, so much more expressive of the Hero and General, that I transcibe them, for the amusement of such of my readers as may not have seen the original account.

One of his attendants cried out "They run,"—"*Who runs,*" demanded our Hero with great earnestness, like a person roused from sleep: "The Enemy, Sir," replied the officer: *Then*, said Wolfe, *go one of you my lads, to Colonel Burton, and tell him, to march Webb's Regiment with all speed down to Charles's river, to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge;* then turning on his side, he added, *now, God be praised, I will die in peace:*

and

and thus he expired. This carrying on the plan of the battle, with almost his last breath, strikes me as truly heroic. The *Sieur de Montcalm*, the French General, after the surgeons declared his wounds to be mortal, refused, though much solicited by his officers, to give orders, or interfere any farther in the measures to be taken for the defence of Quebec.

GENUINE POSTCRIPT TO A LETTER FROM AN IRISH GENTLEMAN TO HIS SON AT SCHOOL.

N. B. Your mother, ever mindful of you, sends you half a guinea, carefully put under the seal of this letter; let me advise you, therefore, to open it as carefully, or you may lose this her kind remembrance of you before you find it.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

SHAKESPEAR.

First Part of Henry the Fourth. Act II. Scene 9.

Prince Henry.

Come tell us your reason: what sayst thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason *Jack*; your reason.

Falstaff. What upon compulsion? Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

There is no note upon this passage in *Theobald*, or any other critic I have seen upon *Shakespear*, though I think an explanation is much wanted: for it may not immediately occur to the reader, that *Poins*, as an Irishman, pronounced it *raison*, as he would *Jasus* for Jesus; and if this does not occur to him, he is puzzled to find any analogy between a *Reason* and a *Blackberry*, and loses

both the pun and humorous play on the Hibernian dialect. That this was the intended humour hardly admits a doubt; because *Falstaff* does not answer the question as put by the *Prince*, but catches it up instantly from the mouth of *Poins;* and nothing surely could be more of a piece with his general mode of evading questions that bore too hard upon him than this. I have seen this character performed by the best acknowledged Actors of it, but never heard the sense of this particular passage so emphatically expressed, as I think it should be, to give us the true idea of the original.

I cannot immediately refer to the act, scene, or play, where it stands, but amongst some loose papers of my late father, I find the following remark on the following passage.

"I do not like his filchings, they are like an unskil-
"ful singer that does not keep time: the humour is, to
"steal at a minute's rest."

My father corrects it thus, and I must think unquestionably right: "They are like an unskilful *finger*, &c. The humour is, to steal at a *minim's* rest."

By

By this reading, we have an obvious analogy, and a strong expression: a minim's rest in music, I understand, denotes a rest of two or three seconds, perhaps: now the performer who could filch a watch or an handkerchief in this short interval, and still be in time with the piece or the band he was playing with, must be a master of the art indeed.

DEAN SWIFT.

It is said by some Writer of this Author's Life, that he seldom corrected any thing; and, in some instances, did not even read his pieces a second time. The following passage in his Voyage to *Brobdingnag* seems a strong proof of this, and of the rapidity with which he wrote: "There was a stile to pass from this field into "the next; it had four steps, and it was impossible for "me to climb it, because every step was six feet high." How easy then would it have been for Mr. *Lemuel Gulliver*, who was rather under the middle height, to have gone under or between the bars!

In his humorous Essay to prove that the Ancients were not only fond of punning, but punned in the English

English language, he derives the nickname of *Archimedes*, from a habit in the old philosopher of calling out to his female servants when too vociferous, *Hark, ye Maids!* In this trifling humour, I wonder the following, so ready made to his hand, should escape him: Sallust, describing the place in which *Cicero* confined *Lentulus* and the other conspirators previous to their execution, says, *Locus est in Carcere quem vocant* TULLIBARDIN: We can hardly read it otherwise than a place where *Tully barr'd in* the conspirators.

VIRGIL.

WERE it allowable to alter a single incident in this divine Poet, I would throw *Sinon* in the way of *Æneas* at the burning of Troy in the room of *Helen*. We have almost forgot this distant cause of the evil; and her beauty perhaps from the first has thrown a kind of veil over her other blemishes; whilst the naked and diabolical treachery of *Sinon* is fresh upon our minds, and we glow with a spirit of revenge. Such a meeting would have been full as probable, might have been the subject of as fine an apostrophe, and would highly have

have gratified the reader. As it now stands, though we approve the magnanimity of his hero in not reeking his resentment upon a defenceless woman, and perhaps are even disgusted at his hesitations in the case, we do not cordially rejoice in her escape. But possibly it may be said, that any incident to relieve the mind of the reader would have been inconsistent with his design here, which was, to paint a scene of deep and uninterrupted misfortunes: I am led to this reflection from my first reading Virgil, when I remember expecting, with the true ideas of a school boy, that the traitor would be taken up and hanged, and anxiously hurrying to the next page for his last dying speech and confession: I remember too, being miserable that such a wretch should escape with impunity at last.

ANCIENT WIT.

With all our predilection for the Ancients, it must be allowed that their wit sometimes flows at a very low ebb indeed. As jesters, I question whether a collection of their bon-mots in this way, would equal in merit or amusement our modern *Joe Miller*.

The

The earliest specimen I can recur to, is, that vulgar and silly Ænigma, in my opinion, which *Herodotus* tells us threw *Homer* into a fever of which he died because he could not solve it. *Plutarch* tells the same story, giving at the same time more credit to it. This father of the Epic, it seems, in a walk upon the sea shore, accosted some boys just landed from fishing with the usual question of, What sport? To which they *wittily* replied,

Ἄσσ' ἕλομεν λιπομεσθα· ἃ δ' ὐχ ἕλομεν φερομεσθα.

What we did catch, we left behind at sea,
And what we could not catch, we brought away.

The wonderful solution of this mystery is, that the boys had been catching their lice! The wit of many of the Greek epigrams is of this cast. In *Martial*, I think the sterling ones *apparent rari*; and that the best of them are improved upon in a late modern version of them, printed in London, 1793.

Cicero, always attempting it, is always clumsy in this kind of wit. To pass by the far-fetched puns, and mere play upon words, so frequent in his other works, in his orations, and especially his *Philippics*, he sports such coarse and vulgar jests as he would have been hissed for in a British house of commons.

Even

Even my favorite amongst all the ancient Authors, *Horace*, it must be acknowledged is a miserable punster. In his seventh Satire of the first book, we may fairly retort upon him, *parturiunt montes*. A pompous introduction, obscured by a long and unpleasant parenthesis of nine lines, brings us at last to a simple pun upon the cognomen of Publius Rupilius *Rex*; and Rex signifying a king, gives rise to a flat invocation on the republican *Brutus* to stab him: nearly the same I think may be said of his epistle to *Vinius Asella*; the chief humour of which seems meant to turn on the affinity in sound and sense between *Asella* and *Asinus*. The double entendre, in the words *mala Carmina* of the first Satire of the second book, I confess, is not very striking to me in the Latin, and can hardly be conveyed in English.

I have sometimes thought, though rather against the authority of his commentators, that many, if not most of the names introduced in his Satires and Epistles are merely fictitious; and, if I may so express myself, *puns* upon the characters they represent: such I conceive to be *Humidius*, *Villius*, *Avidienus*, *Opimius*, and various others; the analogy between whose names, their vices or their follies, the etymologist will easily trace. If right in my conjecture, what infinite trouble might critics and com-

commentators have saved themselves and their readers in deducing pedigrees! The reader will see throughout this little performance, that Horace is my hobby-horse, and the deeper critic will probably think I break ground upon him; I will, however, venture the following remarks, which, as I believe they are entirely my own, I by no means flatter myself the more learned classic will subscribe to.

Humidius qui tam dives. Sat. I. l. 1.

In most editions I believe it stands, *Ummidius*. The learned Baxter says upon it; "MIRA LECTIONUM VARIETAS! *Uvidius*, *Ubidius*, *Fufidius*, *Vividius*, *Vinidius*, *Umidius*, *Vimidius*, *Ummidius*, *Umidius*, et apud Charisium *Numidius*, pro quo legendum censeo *Humidius*:" at last, I think, he has hit upon the right; and that the first syllable, *Humi*, alludes to the groveling earthly mind the name represents. The best of our modern writers adopt this kind of fiction: as in *Gripe*, for a miser; *Chalk-stone*, for a gouty, *Homespun*, for a plain man; and the like.

Leporem

——— *Leporem venator ut altâ*
In nive sectatur, positum sic tangere nolit:
Cantat, et apponit; *meus est amor huic similis: nam*
Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.
Sat. II. L. 1.

Sportsmen are seldom Commentators, or Commentators Sportsmen; in the first character only I venture to give it as my opinion, that the plain English of *Cantat et apponit*, is, he gives the *View halloo!* and *puts her up*. To kill a hare upon her seat is against all field law: and no one ever hunted a season yet, without seeing instances where this timid animal would be torn to pieces, nor make an effort to escape, or, as it is termed, to shew sport, if the huntsman or finder did not whip her up. Upon my principle, I think the whole passage may be fairly translated thus:

As on her form, while seated there
The sportsman scorns to take the hare;
But puts her up and cheers the hound,
His sole delight to hunt her down;
Such is my joy in love's sweet chace;
I hate the unprovok'd embrace:
But let the fair one start, and I
Pursue as fast as she can fly:
Those in the middle space so tame
I pass, and follow up the game.

The last idea exactly answers to the conduct of the hunt. The sportsman, so far from regarding an hare found in the interim, hurries past her as fast as he can, *transvolat*, lest she should jump up and take the pack off from the true chace. The only difficulty, to reconcile to the season and laws of hunting, arises from the words *in nive sectatur*, which, to modern ideas, may seem that unhandsome species of sporting, or rather poaching, called, *tracing in the snow;* I conceive that *nivis* here, and I think there is authority for it in the Latin poets, may mean winter in general; perhaps I shall not strain language more than others have done in support of a favourite hypothesis, when I construe *altâ nive*, *depth* of winter; for in this word lies the strongest objection to mine.

—— *Manet* altâ *mente repostum.* VIRGIL.

Fœnum habet in cornu. —— Sat. IV. L. 1.

"A metaphorical expression, taken from a custom "of tying hay on the horns of a mischievous bull," *Francis;*—That is, as it appears to me, a custom of first getting a mischievous bull under proper confinement, and then, instead of retaining or dispatching him at once, letting

letting him loose again upon the public, for the chance, or rather certainty, of further mischief. Not to dispute the existence of such a custom*, though I think it an absurd one, I think it full as natural to suppose that the poet took his figure more immediately from the common action of the bull in this state, which is that of tossing into the air hay, straw, and all other substances easy of elevation that come in his way; and which, of course, in their fall, would, in parts, light upon, and entangle in his horns. Nature herself seems to have hung out to us this signal of danger; and I am told that it is amongst the first symptoms of this animal going mad.

Mr. *Francis* quotes a law of the twelve tables, which subjects the owner of such an unruly beast to the payment of all damages it committed: but I do not see what the law has to do with his note, unless there were a clause in it in favor of this precaution; for otherwise, the owner seems equally liable to an action for damages, whether he had complied with the custom or not.

* Indeed, we have a custom something similar to this at home, which is that of fixing a cross-bar or knobs of wood upon the horns of such a beast; but I think it just as absurd in *England* as at *Rome*.

Solventur risû Tabulæ. ——— Sat. I. L. 2.

"*Tabulæ* are the process and information laid be-
"fore the judges; which, says the poet, shall be torn into
"pieces:" *Francis*, and every other Commentator that I have seen. I am of opinion it means the very benches (for this is full as general an acceptation of the word) on which the judges sat; and that our modern strong expression of, *laughing till the chair shakes under you*, exactly comes up to it: for the use of *solvo* in this sense, I need only give the following instance from Virgil:

——— *Artus*
Frigore solvuntur. ———

Post hoc ludus erat culpâ *potare magistrâ.* Sat. II. L. 2.

The different opinions of Critics upon this line would nearly fill my little volume. Should I seem particularly ridiculous in this note upon it, I am led into the absurdity by the famous Dr. *Bentley*, who boldly substitutes *cupa* for *culpa*; as if it signified *copa*, *caupona*, a woman who kept a tavern, to whom *Ofellus* sent for his wine. I think such a frugal yeoman was more likely to have dealt in *home-made*.

As

As this great critic "leaves the palm undecided, "and votes it to be given to the best guesser," I will guess once more on his own hint, though without much hopes of the prize, that *cupa*, or *landlady*, was the cant or familiar name by which *Ofellus* called his *wife*; our *landlady* being at this day a common appellation amongst farmers of this class, especially in good humour, for the wife or mistress of the house. It is far-fetched I grant; but *Bentley* himself, I think, would allow not further than the supposed reading it is founded upon.

Cupa, or *copa magistra*, may then signify, that the lady *Ofella* took the liberty (no uncommon thing in modern practice) to judge when her husband and his company had fairly drank enough, and without ceremony cleared the table. Under this idea, I cannot think it an over-strained supposition, that the wife being of the same frugal turn with her husband, or as we vulgarly express it, *both pulling the same way*, it was a pre-concerted thing between them, that she should thus interpose with her œconomical authority. At all events, it cannot be supposed that Dr. *Bentley*'s landlady, as the *magistra bibendi*, would stand so much in the way of her own profits in trade, as to check any excess in these happy companions. After all, the various and laboured

criticisms

criticisms upon this passage seem rather curious than of real consequence to the general purport of it. The reader will remember that I only *guess*, and under whose authority.

——— *Di te, Damasippe, deæque*
Verum ob consilium donent Tonsore. —— Sat. III. L. 2.

Mr. *Francis* has the following note upon these lines "Our poet knows not better how to express his gratitude for the solemn charitable advice *Damasippus* "gives him, than by wishing him a good barber; for "the Stoics valued nothing so much as this wise and "venerable length of hair;" and in this sense it is understood by every Commentator I have seen. With due deference to them all, I think *Horace* means neither more nor less than a barber to *shave* him: and that it is just that kind of compliment we should now pay a *Jew* or a *Turk* by the same wish. Should the ridicule conveyed by the other construction still be thought more delicate, and in character with this author, I have only to observe, he is not far short of this rudeness to the Stoic in another place:

——— *Vellunt tibi barbam*
Lascivi pueri. ———

Scribe decem a Nerio; *non est satis; adde* Cicutæ
Nodosi tabulas. ——— Sat. eadem.

THAT there is obscurity in this passage appears from the different attempts of Critics to explain it. I think the *general* sense of it is fully enough given in this expression of our own; "his word is as good as his "bond," *ironically* applied.

Unde, et quo Catius? ——— Sat. IV. L. 2.

IF the humour of this satire at all consists, as some Critics think it does, in making *Catius* a blundering connoisseur, even in his own art, in preferring the *marsh* mushroom, the *shoulder* of the hare, and the like, I think there is too much of it; and that two or three instances of false taste, would have answered the purposes of the whole. To borrow the words of the *Critical Reviewers* on my own translation of the last satire, "after a third course, I think the reader must "have had enough."

Conceiving

Conceiving it to have some further meaning in it than this, it has sometimes struck me as an indirect sneer at the Stoic philosophy, which our poet seems ready enough to ridicule on every given opportunity. Upon this supposition, the parallel seems to hold thus: *Catius*, in most of his tenets, as in his choice of eggs by their degrees of rotundity, and the like, is perfectly trifling and absurd. The *Stoics*, in many, and indeed most of their tenets, were the same. Our conceited *Cook* is certainly right in some of his maxims, as in his recommendation of cleanliness, and another or two, perhaps. In like manner the *Stoics*, from their heap of unintelligible jargon, now and then turn up a grain of good sense and real utility. If nothing more is intended in this Satire than to expose the ignorance of a conceited *Cook* in his trifling profession, I must think it inferior in design to the rest of them. The conclusion, indeed, is truly severe upon the grosser principles of Epicureanism; but I can hardly think this was meant as the main drift of the Satire. Such a Satire would hardly be in character with *Horace* himself, who certainly inclines more to this sect of philosophers, than to any other.

——— *Urbis aventes*
Mænia nocturni subrepere. Sat. VI. L. 2.

Mr. *Pope*, in this part of the story, introduces the following splendid and beautiful description of a moon-light evening:

" And now the moon-beam trembling falls,
" And tips with silver all the walls."

Horace certainly meant that our travellers wished to enter the city in the dark, and loitered or hastened their pace, just as they feared being too soon or too late for this purpose. I must think the Imitator here, to introduce a beauty of his own, loses a greater in the original: He certainly wanders entirely from the sense when he translates *Me Sylva cavusque*, &c.

" Give me again my hollow tree,
" A crust of bread and liberty."

I have just found similar remarks on these passages in *Duncombe*'s *Horace:* But however just they may be, were this waspish poet now alive, we should both of us probably cut a figure in an appendix to his *Dunciad* for taking such a liberty.

The Satire is begun by Dean *Swift*, and finished by Mr. *Pope*. True genius, when it descends to imitation, generally improves upon the model. I think we may say this of *Swift*'s Version in the present case: but I am sure we may in his story of *Baucis* and *Philemon* from *Ovid*, which is so heightened and enlivened by his own imagination, as to leave the original, in the comparison, unfinished, and even insipid. This story is likewise very pleasingly turned by Dr. *Dunkin* in *Francis's Horace*. But though this and some other of the Satires are translated with more *ease* by this ingenious gentleman, I still think Mr. *Francis* exceeds by a better resemblance of the style of his author, which I attribute to a nearer resemblance of his metre. In this point I must differ in opinion from his last translator Mr. *Boscawen*.

——— *Turpi clausus in arcâ*
Contractum genibus tangas caput. Sat. VII. L. 2.

"Next to be compassed like a good Bilboe in the "circumference of a peck; hilt to point; heel to head."
Falstaff, in the Merry Wives of Windsor.

Perhaps

Perhaps, says Mr. *Francis*, it might be worthy of the sagacity of our Critics upon *Shakespear*, to enquire, whether he had not this passage of *Horace* in his view.

" Spit in my face, call me *Horse*."

Falstaff, in Henry the 4th.

Might not this too be borrowed from the ribaldry of *Sarmentus* in the *Iter ad Brundisium?* for this I think more properly the title of it than a *Satire*.

——— Equi *te*
Esse feri similem dico. ———

——— *Quam pravo vivere naso,*
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo. Ars Poet.

Such is the punctuation of this passage, both in *Baxter* and *Bentley:* But with all deference to such great authority, I will hazard an opinion, that *spectandum* should be construed with the prior sentence, instead of the subsequent one. Mr. *Baxter* thus interprets, *vivere* (i. e.) *in publico versari, foras prodire.* Now, surely a man in a publick walk is more likely to be remarked, by men at least, for a distorted or preposterous nose, than for black eyes and black hair.

Baxter

Baxter further explains, *spectandum* by *admirandum*, which, in my opinion, enfeebles the expression; and, taken in the common sense of *admiration*, would make it, for the above reason, in great part ridiculous.

Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto! Eadem.

These two lines have produced so much ingenious Criticism upon them, and especially from Mr. *Hurd*, that we cannot regret the Poet was rather obscure here. With the liberty the great *Bentley* gives me in another place, I will once more venture to *guess* in this, that the meaning of *Horace*, without any regard to the context, (for he does not always closely connect) is simply this; that a mixed audience, of which the Roman theatre then consisted, could not be equally animated or entertained with one and the same piece of music. Apply his observation in this sense to our own theatres, and how exactly does it hold. The boxes are only pleased with a *Storace*, or Madame *Mara*; the galleries must be kept in humour by "Hearts of Oak," or "the Roast Beef of Old England."

A

MODEST DEFENCE

OF MY

LATE TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE,

AGAINST THE OPINIONS OF

The *Editors* of the *British Critic*,

AND

The *Critical Review*.

Qui in Criticos recalcitrat, summâ ope niti decet, ne non recalcitret undique tutus.

Vet. Aut.

A *true* Critic, is a discoverer and collector of authors faults.

Tale of a Tub.

Advertisement.

The Decrees of our Critical Tribunals, *I believe, are generally understood to be final and irreversible: but the Author, who is not satisfied with their verdict, should at least, have sufficient grounds for his appeal against it, to entitle him to a hearing. The grounds of mine are briefly these:*—Critics *have passed their judgement on my translations, who, in some instances, evidently, do not enter into the true sense and spirit of the original: in others, have shewn so little taste, as not to relish the* Wit *of* Horace *himself: and, where their censures of his* translator *may be just, have passed them on such passages only, as are the least worthy, not to say wholly unworthy the notice of true and liberal Criticism. Whether I make out a good case or not, is now for the reader to decide.*

An apology, I am sensible, is due to many of my Subscribers for introducing this defence at all; for many of them, most probably, know nothing of the performance in question: of such, I must request they will make a reasonable allowance for the ardour so natural to authors of vindicating their works from the censures of the Critic.

DEFENCE,

&c.

A HUMOROUS writer*, of very late date, challenges our Reviewers to criticize his work upon this acknowledged principle; that, "It is a bad sign when all the "rats forsake a ship." Though I was not bold enough, nor thought myself sufficiently guarded to dare their attack, I confess I tacitly wished they might notice my late publication of Six Satires of *Horace*, attempted in a stile *between free imitation and literal version*. I should now have been very well contented if they had not; for, between the cool approbation of the one, and the virulent mordacity of the other, my performance seems to rest upon my bookseller's shelf, "the bed and food of moth." A modest attempt to rescue it from a situation so painful to its friend the author, and set it a going again, (for it once had a little run) cannot surely be deemed arrogant or unfair.

The

* See an Essay on Physiognomy, by the Rev. *John Clubbe*.

The Editors of the *British Critic**, upon the whole very favorable to me, are still of opinion that "the "intermixture of ancient and modern names has so bad "an effect, as totally to destroy whatever merit this "attempt might otherwise possess." I by no means defend it upon principles of true taste, and nothing would have carried me so far from the rules of strict propriety, though Mr. *Pope* in part has done the same, but my design, as stated in the preface, (viz.) to acommodate if possible the good sense and humour of *Horace* to the *general* reader. This I thought, might be better effected by modern names and allusions, than by notes, historical and explanatory of old ones. I rather expected they would have said my design was impracticable, if not altogether absurd: though I have the satisfaction to hear (reader! excuse my vanity) that the sense and humour of my author, under all the defects of his translator, is very well relished by the class of readers he had particularly in view§. A translation to inform or amuse those,

* See their Review for Feb. 1796.

§ Soon after the publication of my Satires, I was thus accosted by a plain farmer, who had done me the favor to enter his name upon my list of Subscribers, "Sir, I know nothing of Mr. *Horace*, but I "suppose he is one of the *French Emigrants*; of what country, how-"ever, is neither here nor there, if you have given the true English of "him, he is certainly a very sensible and humourous Gentleman."

those, who can fully enter into the spirit of the original, must come, if ever it can, from some other pen.

As to the *dignity* of my substituted characters, which they seem to think are below the original ones, I must still maintain, that a *Pall Mall cobler* is quite equal in dignity to a *Roman barber:* of Mrs. *Siddons*, I sincerely beg pardon for a parallel with *Hermogenes*; and some apology, I think, is due to Mrs. *Glasse*, for putting her upon a par with the original cook and confectioner *Curtillus*.

In the substitution of modern phrases for ancient ones, I felt myself justified by the following remark in an ingenious *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, published in 1791. "A translator ought always to figure "to himself in what manner the original author would "have expressed himself, if he had written in the lan- "guage of the translation." Indeed, I have extended this license from mere phraseology to *Similes:* but had *Horace* written in *England*, and in the present century, he probably would have alluded in his first Satire to the *races at Newmarket*, as his translator has done, rather than to the *Olympic games*.

"If Mr. *Clubbe*," say they, "chose the *fifth* Satire "in support of this intermixture, we give him credit for

" his choice." I cannot honestly accept it, becauſe I never had any such view in my choice; and, indeed, never thought on my simple plan that I wanted any such support; if I had, I should certainly have chosen the *third* Satire of the same book for my authority; where our poet, in the full latitude of *quidlibet audendi*, introduces *Agamemnon* as a principal speaker in a circle of *Romans* of the *Augustan* age!

To the charge of negligence I submit without a struggle. It is but the involuntary action of the nerves after life is gone, when I presume to intimate that the very nice distinction between negligence and ease, which they seem to think I lose sight of, is not invariably preserved by my author in the opinion of his best Commentators. I must, however, express my surprize that they should chuse a specimen of my negligence from the translation of *Adfertur Squillas inter*, and the eleven succeeding lines; because it ever has appeared to me, parodoxical as it may seem to them, that the very *spirit* of the Satire in this, and all other places where *Nasidienus* is a speaker, consists in *insipidity**. Mark the whole tenor of his discourse: at first he thinks to entertain his polite

* *Baxter* clearly entertained this idea of it from the title he has prefixed to this Satire. In *Nasidienum Rufum Convivatorem* Vapide garrulum.

lite and learned visitor with a vain and empty description of his different sorts of wine. He then makes a short digression to inform *Fundanius* how choice he is in the precise time of gathering his apples. The second course comes on just time enough to furnish a second address to *Mæcenas*; and he immediately enters on this long, dull, and uninteresting disquisition on the qualities of fish, cookery, and sauces. In truth, nothing short of this vulgar stupidity could have induced the friends of *Mæcenas*, who were men of breeding, to make so free with their jokes and the bottle*.

Here, where I never looked for any, they give me credit for "some ease and *spirit*," marking one line however as bordering too much upon carelessness. I own I aimed at nothing myself but to be as trifling and dull as I conceived my author meant his character should be. As for any ease or spirit of poetry in the whole passage, I see none; and, unless it is intended burlesque, should be inclined to say of *Horace* here, as he says himself of *Homer* elsewhere, *aliquando bonus dormitat.* To the Editors

* In my remarks upon, as well as my translations of this author, the *English* reader is always in my view; and I will just tell him here, that if he has often dined at a city, or other corporation feast, he probably has seen the very *Nasidienus* of *Horace*.

Editors of the British Critic, however, I am indebted for candour, though they could not give me their decided *imprimatur:* and, should I publish the *whole* of the Satires and Epistles, shall avail myself of their concluding suggestions as far as my plan will admit. In my first attempt I was merely fishing for an opinion; and I wish these Critics, instead of nibbling like the roach, had struck at me like a bolder fish. Had they carried away my line at once, I should have gone home chagrined at first, but soon satisfied, upon reflexion that I had no business in this part of the *Heliconian* stream.

The *Critical Reviewers* * indeed bite as bold as I could possibly wish them; but then they give the very same example of my negligence that their predecessors have done to a single line and word. From this coincidence, I almost flatter myself they did not see another, at least so prominent: for if they were very numerous, and equally glaring, it is surely rather singular that these distinct Critics, locked up as I conceive them to be like the *Septuaginta* in separate cells, should hit so exactly on one and the same passage, and that too so near the conclusion. However, as these gentlemen condemn my attempt, and the execution of it *in toto*, to defend any part

* See their Review for March 1797.

part of it against *them*, might be thought rash, as well as fruitless. In behalf of my author, however, I will venture to think, that the falling of the curtain at the entertainment of *Nasidienus*, is a very humorous incident. They do not think so, it seems, for in evident contempt of it, "a dusty curtain falls," say they, "and "throws the company into confusion:" now, if the humour is really low, they should have recollected it is that of *Horace*, and not of his translator: surely I may say of such Critics:

"Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss."

The following lines, and their laconic remark upon them, I willingly submit to the judgement of the reader; which I should not be so forward in doing, were I not fully convinced he will think with me, that no one passage in my author could be less worthy the *labors* of criticism.

——— *Deinde secuti*
Mazonomo *pueri magno* discerpta *ferentes*
Membra gruis *sparsi* sale *multo*, *non sine* farre,

TRANSLATION.

Of footmen, cooks and scullions, the whole herd
Now follow at his heels with course the third:

In

In a *huge dish* the first a *Turkey* bore,
Ready *cut up*, and froth'd with *salt* and *flour*.

" But after a third course," they say, " we think the reader must have had enough." Whether any particular spirit of this passage is lost in the transfusion or not, I must denominate their critique of the class called *aronish*: for nothing surely could be more in character with this tasteless insect, than to pass by all the flowers of my author, such an ample field for just and entertaining criticism in his translator, to buzz in the unsavoury steams of a kitchen, from which no true essence of it could possibly be distilled.

In this stage of my defence, a common consequent of great exertion, I fell into a gentle sleep, and found myself all at once, by the conveyance of a dream, in the society of the very Reviewers I had just been reviewing. The figures of their Antiquaries, Orientalists, Mathematicians, Astronomers, and the like, were rather ridiculous than formidable: but at a table by itself sat one, that really struck me with a degree of horror. *Tristis severitas inerat in vultû*: he was considerably passed the meridian of life, and his hard features, together with a battered *ferula* lying by the side of his book, left me in no doubt he was a superannuated school-master; too

weak

weak for flogging, but for former services in this way, put upon the half pay list of supernumerary Critics. I "eyed his lean hungry looks and wished him fatter." As softly as possible, I stole behind his chair, and peeping over his shoulder, discovered he was at work upon the very passage, in defence of which I fell a sleep. *Salt* he seemed to admit was fair enough for *Sal*, nor was *Far* much out of the way for *Flour:* but when he observed a *Turkey* substituted for *Grus*—"Blockhead!" he exclaimed—"*Grus* a *Turkey!* There is no such sense of "the word in all *Littleton*." In support of his remark, and in wrath too at such a gross violation of liberal construction, he gave a rap with his ferula, that startled the whole society, and threw me out of my comfortable nap. It was a vision indeed, but perhaps—*Non multum abludit Imago.*

With regard to my second attempt, in the translation of the *Art of Poetry*, I have only to say, and, to exculpate myself from apparent vanity, I wish to say it, that I never knew the ingenious Mr. *Colman* had gone in this walk before me, till months after mine was published. Had I known this, I should readily subscribe to the remark in the *British Critic**, that the "attempt was rather bold than necessary.

* For May, 1797.

necessary." The truth is, I never saw *Roscommon*'s or any translation of this piece, but that of Mr. *Francis*. I thought it would admit, like the rest of his translations of *Horace*, of an *easier* versification; and perhaps, might be improved in some passages by adopting the constructions of Mr. *Hurd*. This was all I aimed at: how far I may have succeeded in this my only design, seems now no part of the question. *Non vult vox missa reverti*, and I must stand a comparison, never intended, with a much better classic as well as poet.

After charging me with the same negligence in this translation as my former ones, these Critics are pleased to say, "there is no analogy between my style, and that of my author, in the following lines:

——*Quam pravo vivere naso*
Spectandum *nigris oculis nigroque capillo.*

TRANSLATION.

——Distinguished by a nose
So frightful as to make the people *stare*
"And wonder how the Devil it came there,"
With such good eyes and such a head of hair.

The unanalogous line, in their opinion, I presume is the *third*; for the others are nearly literal translation.

Without

Without contending for analogy in my own, I cannot think it lost in the following line of Mr. *Pope*, where I suppose he meant to preserve it,

——— *Cedet in usum*
Nunc mihi, nunc alii.———

To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, or the *Devil.*

But I little expected my style would have been censured in this place of all others, as the whole line is borrowed from his elegant *Essay on Criticism:* which in many parts, seems not a little to resemble the *Art of Poetry*, both in style and subject. Had I candidly acknowledged this by Italics, or some other mark, as I should have done, I had probably saved my credit in this passage at least: for, as they say, other similar instances might be pointed out "without much difficulty in choosing them;" I think it would have been more judicious to have fixed upon one that was entirely my own. I must think, indeed, had they known or recollected on what authority this translation stood, they would have taken the pains to find out another instance less defensible. If the reader will again refer to the preceding extract from the *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, I have no doubt of his concurring with me, that *Horace*, *mutatis mutandis*, would

have used the identical words *I have borrowed from Mr. Pope.**

Since finishing the above, I have been favoured with a sight of the Monthly Review † for Oct. 1797: it may be thought vanity in me to refer the reader to an opinion of my performance so highly flattering to the author: but, besides that *audi alteram partem* is a common rule of equity, I had much rather be thought vain of it, than totally insensible to approbation. The Editors, however, recommend, in case of a second edition, the altering several rhymes in the Art of Poetry, as dissonant and hardly admissible. I was aware of this myself, but the truth is, some of them I could not alter for the better, and others I thought might safely stand, as I found authority for them in various parts of Mr. *Pope*. Having more than once referred to this admired poet for my authority, I must beg to be understood as not setting up in any degree for an imitator of him; duly sensible that in that case, the following ridiculous anecdote he relates himself,

* Should these Critics at last, mean that I lose the analogy from *mis-construction* of the passage, I have nothing further to offer in defence, than the note upon it at page 67.

† These gentlemen have taken my *design* into the account, (viz.) that of making *Horace* intelligible to the *English* reader.

self, would fully apply to me.—He tells us of a Play he once saw, professedly written in the style of *Shakespear*; in which the only passage he could find, that bore the least resemblance to the original, was this,

"*And so good morrow, good master Lieutenant.*"

Premature as it may seem, and even vain to suppose that the present publication will be honoured with the notice of any of our Reviewers, I will still venture this short defence of it in case of attack: though I feel myself so slippery either as a Travel-writer, a Critic, or a Poet, that the attempt to fasten upon me in any of these characters must, I think, resemble the ridiculou one of holding a pig by a short and soaped tail. To the Critic then who shall boldly say, there is nothing at all in my Journal of a Three Day's Tour, &c. I will tell the following story, and beg of him to apply it for me:

Three days after the birth of the Prince of Wales, a fellow, taking advantage of English credulity, went about the town, crying, "the Prince of Wales's, the Prince of Wales's speech;" and it seems with considerable advantage to himself, though at the very low price of a penny a-piece; a purchaser at last, in his eager curiosity, went instantly to reading, and discovering that he

he had got only an half sheet of blank paper for his money, 'Hold, friend,' said he, 'I don't see a word the Prince of Wales has said.'—"And what the Devil," replied the Hawker, "would you have said, by an Infant but three days old?"

The extraordinary anecdote of my predecessor cannot displease any of our Critics, unless there are any in their society, who still adhere to the doctrines of Mr. *Glanville*. My few Critical Remarks, are of that serio-comic cast, that the counter Critic may laugh, or look grave upon them as he pleases, without any offence to me; for the sake of his own happiness only, I had rather see him smile than frown. My Imitations and Translations stand precisely upon the same ground with those I have published before. Of my Original Pieces, I will only say, many of my friends have been pleased with them; perhaps they may please some others; but at the worst, I will hope, they may be as little deserving censure, as many other trifles of the same kind, which are daily offered to the public.

If any malevolent Critic still lurks behind, determined, *jure injuriâ*, to sink the little skiff in which I venture out upon the ocean of authors on my own bottom, as she draws

draws but little water, I may possibly escape by my fleetness; but I cannot be very solicitous about the fate of my vessel, when I see the cargo so abundantly insured by the honorable Company of my Subscribers.

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IMITATIONS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

Advertisement.

Though the Eclogue of Virgil *here imitated, will not, under* all *its circumstances, bend to the change in the speakers, it applies in* general. *If it fairly delineates the difference in Happiness between the Peasantry of* England *and* France, *from the difference in their respective* Constitutions, *it may not be wholly unamusing at the present period.*

THE EMIGRANTS,

A Pastoral.

MOPSUS. THYRSIS.

MOPSUS.

WHILST you, my *Thyrsis*, careless laid,
Thus warble in the beechen shade,
And list'ning woods repeat the lays,
So sweetly sung in *Delia*'s praise;
Alas! by cruel Fate, I roam
An exile from my native home;
Of every hope in life bereft,
My fields, my herds, my country left.
Tell me, kind Shepherd then, and tell me true,
Whence this security and ease to you?

THYRSIS.

A country ever blest and free,
The favorite Isle of LIBERTY,
Protected by the best of Kings,
Protects the Shepherd, whilst he sings.
Secure his flocks from rapine stray,
Secure he whistles on his way
To peaceful rest, the happy lot
Of freedom in the shepherd's cot.
Oft to the *Genii* of the realm shall rise
Smoke of my lambs in grateful sacrifice.

MOPSUS.

No envy rankles in my breast,
To see a brother shepherd blest;
But whence, my *Thyrsis*, whence ensue,
Such bliss and liberty to you?
In *Gallia*'s plains, we only know
Fell tumult and the shrieks of woe:
No shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Or knows domestic comfort there.
But name that country, and that best of kings,
Which thus protect their shepherd, whilst he sings.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Comparing as we shepherds use
The yearlings with their mother ewes,
Of LONDON, capital of fame,
I simply thought and judg'd the same;
Suppos'd its buildings and its bounds
Like those of other country towns.
And by what rule shou'd rustics go,
Or reason but from what they know?
'Mongst other towns, this tow'rs into the skies,
As the tall cedars from the brambles rise.

MOPSUS.

And what so urgent was the case,
Which led to see this wondrous place?

THYRSIS,

The Love of FREEDOM,—tho' my hair
Now whiter flow'd, from age and care;
At last sweet Freedom deign'd to smile
On *Thyrsis*, in this happy Isle.
Hence from my *Gallia* I part,
And fair BRITANNIA has my heart.

No more, in truth, on *Gallic* ground,
A hope of Liberty I found:

In

In vain I strove with toil and care,
To raise a shepherd's fortune there;
In vain I rear'd and milk'd my kine,
No produce of my herds was mine.
Tho' many a lamb a victim died,
And many a cheese, my vats supplied,
To an ungrateful city and unkind,
My profits with my labors staid behind,

MOPSUS.

Unhappy *Daphne**! now appears
The cause of all thy vows and tears;
Hence, hence the reason, that so long
Thy fruits upon their branches hung:
Thyrsis was gone,—on absent *Thyrsis*, all
The trees, and shrubs, and babbling fountains call.

THYRSIS.

What cou'd I do? To break the chain
Of Slavery I strove in vain:

Nor

* In the original, *Mantua* the country he had fled from is personated in *Daphne*: the Imitation literally supposes her to be the Wife or favourite Shepherdess, whom *Thyrsis*, in the pursuit of Liberty, had left behind. To escape from Tyranny and Oppression, is his excuse for leaving her.

Nor did a ray of hope appear
Of heav'n-born Liberty, but here.
'Twas here the guardian of the Isle
Gave out with sweet majestic smile,
" Go, shepherds go, attend your flocks and live
" In all the blessings LIBERTY can give."

MOPSUS.

Tho' fortune smiles upon him late,
Thrice happy *Thyrsis* in his fate!
If few his flocks, if small his store,
An humble shepherd wants no more:
Shepherd enough, enough for thee,
To live upon that little FREE.
No more thy sheep shall pine away,
From their accustom'd feed astray;
Or breathe in other folds infection's air,
Far from their own and from their shepherd's care.

Thrice happy *Thyrsis!* careless laid
Beside the stream in fragrant glade,
The bees their busy hum shall keep,
And lull thy wand'ring thoughts asleep.
From mossy cave the woodman there
With shriller notes shall rend the air;

Here

Here in hoarse accent ring-doves mourn,
There turtles sigh for sigh return;
From elms responsive coo in ceaseless strains,
And tell how much they love to list'ning swains.

THYRSIS.

The hinds shall feed aloft in air,
The ocean leave its fishes bare;
The *Parthian* rivers swell the *Rhine*,
And *German* streams with *Parthian* join,
Ere *Thyrsis* cease in gratitude to raise
His voice in BRITAIN's and her MONARCH's praise.

MOPSUS.

For us, alas! it still remains
To traverse far, far other plains;
To thirst in *Afric*'s burning sands,
Or freeze in bleak *Siberian* lands.
Does yet a distant hope remain
To see my *Gallia* again?
To see my fields, and, ear by ear,
Compute the riches of the year?
Or shall the lawless robber still demand
The harvest of my toils and cultur'd land?

Alas!

Alas! what evils overwhelm
Our fertile, but devoted realm!
Cease, Citizens, from discord cease,
And turn, return again to peace.
Now, Mopsus, sow and plant the vine,—
Will either corn or grapes be thine?
Away my sheep, once happy charge,
Away, and wander now at large.
In straw-built shed, reclin'd at ease,
Or shaded by the quiv'ring trees,
No more depending from the rocks,
'Tis mine to tell my nibbling flocks:
No more my flocks beneath their shepherd's eye,
Shall browse the vale in sweet security.

THYRSIS.

Yet stay good *Mopsus*, and awhile
Beneath my roof thy cares beguile;
My fruits, the produce of my kine,
My milk and cheese are freely thine:
And lo! the lengthen'd shades from mountains height,
And distant village-smoke proclaim the night.

THE following lines, selected from different parts of *Horace* by a friend a little before his death, were found in his bureau: it seems as if they were intended by way of inscription on his tomb-stone. He was a great admirer of this author, and his admiration of him carried him to adopt much of the ease and least exceptionable parts of his philosophy. His books and garden were his constant and only resource in the difficulties, in which too much knowledge of these and too little of the world continually involved him. With the polite scholar was united the orthodox divine.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,
Dum spiro spero ———
——— *Atque est mihi magna voluptas*
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.
Cum mors venit atris et me circumvolat alis
Pauperibus gratus fuerim, si carus amicis,
Denique nil curo quid de me sentiat heres.
Cedo uti conviva satur ———
Post hac sperabo eternæ mihi præmia vitæ!

IMITATED.

IMITATED.

YEARS stealing from us day by day,
Wear the short span of life away:
Yet hope attends me whilst I live—
And all the pleasures books can give
In sunny walk, or shady bower,
Enliven every vacant hour;
Thus I forget the past-felt pain,
Nor think of its return again.

When death on sable wings shall come,
And call me to my native home;
May but my friends let fall a tear
As they behold the passing bier;
May but the village paupers sigh—
"Alas! that this our friend should die!"
Then what a dissappointed heir
May think—I need not, cannot care.

From life, a satiated guest,
Contented I retire to rest;
In hopes full certain after this
Of living in eternal bliss.

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.——

OF modern Poets, every Critic says
They equal not the Bards of former days:
Good Critics see at once the reason for't—
Our moderns cannot stand the *price of Port.*
Amongst their poems shou'd you censure mine,
Pray set your censures by the price of wine.

Sine Cerere *et* Baccho *friget.*

FOR *Gripo* I have verses made
Till I am sicken'd of the trade:
For as I live a christian sinner,
I never yet was ask'd to dinner.

Good *Gripo* take it not amiss
If thus your Bard shou'd construe this:
Know then, indeed you ought to know it,
"Without a dinner there's no poet;
"Without the juices of the vine
"Too cold he calls upon the Nine."
Or keep his muse in better plight,
Or urge him not again to write.

——*Eris*

——*Eris mihi magnus* Apollo.

THE Doctor who, of sober sort,
Forbids me half a pint of port;
An *Æsculapius*, from me
Shall never touch another fee:
My pint who orders me I'll follow,
And fee as I wou'd fee *Apollo*.

Ubi, ubi est, diu celari *non potest.*

HER tongue so loud and never lying still,
Betrays *Loquasia*, be where she will:
Once lost in silence cou'd the fair one be,
Who will might play at *hide and seek* for me.

Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.

WHILST *Ned* had money, he was sure to meet
A cordial friend in every lane and street:
Go where he wou'd, was sure to hear it said,
"There goes that generous, honest fellow Ned."
But now of "honest Ned," he hears no more—
What can the reason be?—Why Ned is poor.

Nil

Nil habet infelix paupertas *durius in se*
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.——

HARD in itself of poverty the evil,
But ridicule upon it is the devil.

Quid tum?

GIVE me, 'tis all I ask the Powers above,
Of life the comforts, with the wife I love:
Give me to share these joys of my desire,
With love's sweet offspring happy as their sire.
What next to supplicate? With equal mind,
To leave these comforts of my life behind:
And last of all, 'tis all that heaven can give,
In bliss above eternally to live;
Where loss of all we lov'd on earth before,
Absorb'd in love of heaven, is felt no more.

Inscriptio celeberrima sub statuâ SOMNI.

Somne veni! quanquam certissima mortis imago
Consortem lecti te tamen esse velim.
Huc ades! haud abiture cito—Nam sic sine vitâ
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori!

TRANSLATED.

COME Sleep! tho' truest emblem of the dead,
I woo thee for the partner of my bed:
Come! nor in haste—How sweetly thus shall I
Live without living, without dying die!

The following Inscription, which I think particularly neat, stands over the entrance of a Court of Justice in *Holland*; it defies translation, at least in the same degree of conciseness.

HÆC domus odit, amat, punit, conservat, honorat,
Nequitiam, pacem, crimina, jura, probos.

The

The xiii. Ode of the 1st. Book of Horace.

Ad Lydiam.

WHILST on my hated rival's charms
His snowy breast and ivory arms
With doating praise my *Lydia* dwells—
Ah! think what rage my bosom swells.

My mind no settled temper knows,
My changing colour comes and goes;
My tears, that start unbidden, tell
The fire that preys within, too well.

I burn, whene'er in wanton jest
He stains with wine thy snowy breast;
Or bites thy lips with passion blind,
And leaves the tell-tale mark behind.

Ah! think not he can faithful prove
Who hurts those lips design'd for love:
Those lips, whose fragrance *Venus* drew
From her own nectar's purest dew.

Thrice happy they! whose kindred minds
The band of firm affection binds:
Nor chill'd with fear, nor torn with strife,
And never ending but with life.

The

The xxiii. Ode of the Same.

Ad Chloen.

MY *Chloe* shuns me like the fawn
That seeks the mother kind,
And, wing'd with panic terror, fears
The thickets and the wind.

For if the whispering breath of spring
But move the quivering spray;
Or lizards rustle in the brake,
She starts and bounds away.

Yet sure in me no savage form,
No tyger canst thou see;
Nor does the lion's rage inflame
My fond pursuit of thee.

Then bid thy breast resume its peace,
Dismiss these vain alarms;
And, ripe to bless a husband's, cease
To court a mother's arms.

THE RULING PASSION.

From the iii. SATIRE of the 2d. BOOK of HORACE.

OPIMIUS, poor with all his wealth, who still
On Gala days a larger glass would fill,
Nay even venture to the price of port,
Drinking in common of a cheaper sort,
Dropt in a fit of lethargy his head,
And slept so sound his heir believ'd him dead;
Ran in the eagerness of joy to seize
His money-boxes, and secure the keys.

His *Doctor*, much his friend too by the bye,
Resolv'd this last experiment to try:
A table order'd out, and all his gold
Rattling from bags upon the table roll'd;
And next invites the body of his heirs
To stand around as gaping for their shares;
Then to the patient cries, "Awake, awake,
"Or all your worth your greedy heirs will take."
What! take my property before I die?
"Yes, if much longer lasts your lethargy."
Good Doctor, what advise me? "Why, to live,
"Take this, the best prescription I can give,

"Live

" Live better than you do, or die you must;
" But take these pills and this elixir first—
The price of pills, good Doctor, if you please?
" The price?—Some threepence or a groat a-piece."
Ruin alike, he cries, *alike the ills*
*Whether brought on by thieving heirs or pills**.

SUPERSTITION.

From the Same.

JOVE! cries a trembling mother, who at will
In every disease can'st cure or kill,
Grant my dear boy this fever to survive,
And then I promise, if myself alive,
On the first solemn fast thy Priests command
Up to the chin in water he shall stand.

Chance,

* The idea seems to be carried much further in the following lines of Mr. *Pope*.

" Odious in woollen! 'twou'd a saint provoke,"
Were the last words that poor *Narcissa* spoke.
One wou'd not sure look frightful when one's dead,
And, *Betty*, give this cheek a little red.

Chance, or the Doctor's skill, compleats her joy,
Subdues the *fever*, and restores the boy:
The mother next, to act her pious part,
With *ague* kills the darling of her heart.

THE VAIN FROG.

From the Same.

A Mother Frog, too careless of her young,
Rambl'd from home, and staid away too long;
A calf, unconscious of their cruel fate,
Stampt on the little brood with all its weight.
One, from the pressure liberated, run
To tell his mother what the beast had done.
"How large the animal, my dear," she cries,
Swelling herself—"of this enormous size?"
That size! quoth he, *aye twice as big and more—*
Stretching her sides then wider than before,
"As big as this, my son?" *Good mother, strain*
Till burst—his size you never will attain.

THE COUNTRY AND CITY MOUSE.

From the Sixth SATIRE.

A Country Mouse, in country living poor,
His cave but homely and but small his store;
Close in his management, to make ends meet,
Yet free enough his company to treat;
To cut my story short, a city Dame,
An old acquaintance, on a visit came.

Nimble he fetches from his frugal hoard,
And freely with his best bestrews the board.
To make his vegetables still more nice,
Lards them with here and there a bacon slice;
Politely striving, tho' an up-hill fight,
To overcome her squeamish appetite.
Himself, a rusty mat of straw his seat,
Nothing wou'd touch of all the various treat
But chaff, or chance a damag'd ear of wheat.

Thus then the *city Mouse*—"Upon my soul
"I wonder how you live in such a hole;
"This lonesome cranny in a mountain bear,
"Nor see a living creature by the year.

"Wou'd

" Wou'd you know life, in life yourself be known,
" Take my advice and go with me to town.
" Since short the time permitted here to man,
" 'Tis wisdom to enjoy it all we can;
" Few are the years before both great and small,
" Both man and mouse alike in dust must fall."

The *Rustic*, by the invitation caught,
Skips from his seat, without a further thought;
And off they march, at leisure saunt'ring on,
Not wishing to arrive till day was gone.

Night thro' the middle space of heav'n had cross'd,
And all in close obscurity was lost:
When our adventurers, in safety come
To the proud mansion, stole into a room,
Where, heap'd in baskets, stood an ample store
Of dainty fragments left the day before.

Our country guest in royal purple laid,
And all the elegance of state parade;
The *city Mouse* now takes upon her self
To serve each dainty from each different shelf;
Stands at his back, as waiting on a king,
And, e'er she offers, tastes of every thing.

Stretching

Stretching at ease—"Oh happy change," he cries,
And cuts his jokes on vulgar country Mice.
Instant tremendous rat'ling at the door,
The noise redoubl'd by the mastiff's roar,
Throws both in fits from sofa to the floor.

"Oh my good friend," says he, "is this your sport?
"Good night, good night, I see enough of Court;
"Far from this life, my tares will do for me,
"Safe from these dangers, in my hollow tree."

THE POWERS OF WINE.

From the Fifth EPISTLE.

INEBRIATION! oh what feats are thine!
What too extensive for thy vast design!
Unlock'd by thee, the *inmost secret* flies,
Hope soars at large and lifts us to the skies:
The *Cowurd*, trembling and to battle slow,
Calls for his arms and rushes on the foe:
The face of *Melancholy* smooths her frown,
And arts divine become a mortal's own:

Dulness,

Dulness, that never rais'd a smile before,
Turns wit, and sets the table in a roar:
Chain'd to his bench the *galley Slave* will sing,
And the poor *Beggar* feels himself a King.

THE STORY OF *VULTEIUS MENA*.

From the Seventh EPISTLE.

A Roman knight, *Philippus* was his name,
At Bar and in the Field of special fame,
From court returning on a sultry day,
And from his years just fainting by the way;
Saw in a barber's shop a fellow neat,
From the hot burniug sun in cool retreat,
Paring his nails with all that easy air
That marks a mind devoid of thought and care.

"*Demetrius*," (a lad of talents quick,
The very messenger for such a trick)
"Go, find him out, and bring me back his name,
"His trade, his family, and whence he came,
"In short bring all particulars you can:"
He goes, returns, and thus describes the man.

Vulteius

Vulteius Mena, Sir, but nothing higher
In birth or calling than a common crier,
Of slender income, honest as the day,
Eager to get, but free to spend away,
Enjoys the cheap amusements of the town,
And boasts the house he lives in is his own.

" Faith I should like to know this curious wight,
" So step and bid him sup with me to night."

Mena, astonish'd at the message sent,
Hardly can think himself the person meant,
Makes most respectfully his humble bow,
Oblig'd, though sorry that he could not go.

" Does he refuse me ?" ' Yes Sir, and 'tis clear
' Either from proud indifference or fear.'

Philippus meets him early the next day
Crying some boushold goods across the way,
And first addresses him—*Vulteius* now,
Still more abash'd, makes still a lower bow,
Variety of lame excuses made—
Such was his dishabille, and such his trade—
And present rudeness hop'd he would forgive,
He did not see him as he hop'd to live.

" Fig

" Fig for apologies!—To set things right
" Promise at once to sup with me to night."
Your most devoted, Sir—" I sup at ten,
" So, for the present, cry away again."

At table, saying perfectly at ease
Some things that did, and some that did not please,
In short, whatever first came in his head;
The lights are order'd and he goes to bed.

Philippus, finding that the fish wou'd bite,
From calls upon him morning, noon and night,
Proposes next, as something new and rare,
To take a ride and taste the country air:
His horse, the roads, and every thing he sees
Upon the journey wonderfully please.

Seeing at length, delighted to the soul,
To put him in a farm wou'd crown the whole,
Land he ensures him at an easy rent,
And money for his stock at three per cent.
In short, a farm is hir'd, and farmer grown,
He loses smart *Vulteius* in the clown;
Planting and sowing now his sole delight,
He talks of nothing else from morn to night:

Works like a horse to bend the stubborn soil,
Grows old with care, half kills himself with toil.

But soon, alas! another scene takes place,
Stolen his sheep, his goats die off apace,
His crops are blighted, and, for want of rest,
Dead in the furrow drops his jaded beast.

Fretting with losses and chagrin besides,
Off to his landlord late at night he rides,
With such a rueful length of beard and face,
As told at once the substance of his case.

The wicked Pleader now affects surprize—
"And why so late and pitiful!" he cries,
"'Tis I suppose, what I have always fear'd,
"You fret yourself too much and work too hard?"

Joking apart—my proper name to give,
Call me, good Sir! the saddest wretch alive:
But, by your genius, by the Gods above,
By all the ties of friendship and of love,
Let me entreat you, nor entreat in vain,
To place me where you found me once again.

Who finds his second station is the worst
Shou'd lose no time in changing to the first:
To change *at all* the prudent will be loth,
And CUT THEIR COAT ACCORDING TO THEIR CLOTH.

THE WARY SOLDIER.

From the Second EPISTLE of the Second BOOK.

A Serjeant who had shar'd a handsome spoil,
The just reward of dangers and of toil,
Worn out with duty slept upon his post
And all his money to a farthing lost.

The Wolf sharp set with hunger who has seen,
Beholds our very Serjeant's savage grin;
In sullen rage he marches off alone
And boldly storms a royal garrison:
The fame of his exploit soon gets abroad,
Gains him due honor, and a vast reward.

His Colonel wants a fellow of this sort
Soon afterwards to storm another fort;

Goes

Goes to the Serjeant, praises to the height,
In terms, so warm, would make a coward fight—
" Go my good lad, another instance shew
" What dauntless intrepidity can do;
" Again in storming royal castles shine,
" And all that bravery deserves be thine.
" Why halt?" he asks, 'twixt anger and surprize—
No fool, tho' rustic and not over wise,
On this, he answers, *or on duty worse*,
Command the Serjeant who has lost his purse.

THE PLEASURES OF INSANITY.

From the Same.

AT Argos liv'd a reputable man,
Believe this story of him if you can;
Whose humour was to fancy he could hear,
Though sitting *solus* in the theatre,
The finest tragedies distinct and clear:.
Encore! Encore! Delightful! he would cry,
This is the true sublime of Tragedy!

The

The man was neighbourly, paid all their due,
An honest husband and indulgent too;
Kind to his servants—would not (to be brief)
For but a bottle stolen hang the thief:
Not quite himself indeed—but, after all,
He would not run his head against a wall.

His friends by dint of *Helebore* must try
To rouze him from this strange Insanity:
Wak'd by the pungent med'cine, in surprize,
"What have you done mistaken friends?" he cries;
"Better have dy'd again, Sirs! and again,
"Than lose this pleasing error of the brain *."

THE FOUR STAGES OF HUMAN LIFE.

FROM THE ART OF POETRY.

THE *Child*, who fairly talks and runs alone,
His play-mates likes of ages near his own;
Is soon provok'd, as readily forgives,
And changes humours every hour he lives.

The

* I must again think this picture more highly finished in the description of a crazy poet in the panegyrical Epistle to *Snow* the Banker. It appears in an edition of *Swift*'s Works, but I believe is not his.

The beardless *Youth*, from custody set free,
Bold in the chace displays his liberty;
Pliant as wax, to any vice he bends,
And for advising, quarrels with his friends;
Improvident, profuse, of tow'ring pride,
Quick to desire, as quick to throw aside.

At *Manly* Age another change is wrought,
Friends, wealth, and honours eagerly are sought:
Fear that a sad repentance may succeed
Controuls with wary prudence every deed.

Much the solicitude and care that preys
Upon the *Old Man* in his latter days.
Anxious to get it, fearful he shou'd waste,
Wealth gives but pleasure,—that he cannot taste:
Timid and cold in all he goes about,
Delaying, trifling, ever full of doubt,
Hard to be pleas'd, complaining, but with joy
The times extolling when he was a boy;
And with some peevish censures of the young,
Still winding up the burden of his song.

ORIGINAL PIECES.

In the transition from imitating *and* translating *to an attempt at least at* original *Poetry, I feel all that diffidence which attends the first efforts from the leading strings. Indeed I had never offered these pieces to the public, but for the encouragement of friends, whose judgment I could not mistrust. Those friends I know will excuse me for thus bringing them in sharers, as it were, in the censures of the severer Critic, who may say, and I cannot gainsay him, that this part of my book might full as well have been left out.*

THE GHOST OF HORACE.

'TWAS in the middle * stage of night,
When visions are most true,
The Ghost of *Horace*, awful sight!
Forth glided to my view.

His figure † was the very same
At which he oft wou'd laugh,
Three feet circumference the frame,
By five, an inch and half.

With trembling I beheld the Bard,
From consciousness how late
My forward genius had dar'd
His Satires to translate.

He

* Nocte in mediâ quum somnia vera. *Virg.*

† Our Poet more than once laughs at the shortness and rotundity of his person: and *Augustus*, in a letter accusing him of brevity in his writings, has this forced and I think but poor conceit upon it:—*Vereri autem mihi videris ne majores libelli tui sint quam ipse es.*

He saw confusion in my face,
The reason seem'd to guess;
And kindly pitying my case,
Thus soften'd my distress.

"Translators I cou'd name a score,
"In twenty places too,
"Who understood my sense no more,
"No more translate than you.

"Why blush then if (the fate of all
"Engag'd in the design)
"Some errors to thy share shou'd fall,
"Some faults be found in thine?

"To Critics of the present time,
"What *Pope* has said before,
"You well may say—ONE FOOL IN RHYME
"IN PROSE MAKES MANY MORE.

"How oft have witlings of this cast
"At * first provok'd my smile!
"How oft with petulance at last
"Fermented all my bile!

"But

*——— Ut mihi sæpe
Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movere tumultus!

" But hold—If money you wou'd get,
" Dread poverty your ill,
" To court these arbiters of wit
" Perhaps were better still."

A Poet for opinion bend
To Critics!—warm, said I—
E'er thus my Satires I defend,
E'en let my Satires die.

My author smil'd, approv'd my pride,
But hinted by his look,
Without *Reviewers* on my side,
I'd better burn my book.

But, ah! my author's hint how vain,
My muse still bolder grown,
Translates no more, but writes again,
And publishes her own.

No more with *Horace* for my friend,
And bold on borrow'd wit;
My own must now to Critics bend,
Without defence submit.

Ye Critics! still I ask no praise,
Abuse may do the same,
And, all a Poet wants, may raise
And damn him into Fame.

THE BEE-HIVE.

A FABLE FOR THE PRESENT TIMES.

A Murmur in the Hive begun
About the work the Bees had done;
So near a riot, that the Queen
Thought fit a council to convene,
Where each with freedom of debate
Should tell his grievance in the State.

The first complain'd, a heavy tax
Had wholly spoil'd the trade of *wax:*
The second, that for love or money
He could not rid a pound of *honey:*
A third more loud, abroad would dwell
Rather than touch another *cell:*
Alike complaints by all were made,
'Twas loss or ruin in their trade:

That

That taxes now were such a curse,
No change in State cou'd make it worse.

Whether from age, from grief, or pride,
The sovereign retir'd and dy'd;
A natural death, as some suppose,
But others, from a pois'nous dose.

Nem. con. the council now decree
From future taxes to be free;
Resolve no longer to support
The charges of a Queen and Court;
And issue orders to the rest
For every one to do his best:
Now was the time for Bees to live,
And honest industry to thrive.

Away they fly, in gaudy train,
And settle in the neighb'ring plain.
The Drones, a rich and lazy race,
Attend, and buy their goods apace;
Brisk the demand for wax and honey,
And all is paid in ready money:
No drawbacks, no account to give
Or to a Queen, or to the Hive:

Who saw them might conclude that these
Were sure the happiest of Bees.

But soon another scene takes place—
Stern winter threatens them apace;
The fragrance from the plain is fled,
The Drones retire and trade is dead.

In swarms again they seek the Hive
As fast as ever they can drive;
Presuming, just as heretofore,
To pass in ease the winter o'er.

But, ah! how alter'd is the scene
Since they declar'd against a Queen,
And deem'd from taxes to be free
The road to wealth and liberty!
No more protected by a State,
The guardian of their rights so late;
Usurp'd by spiders, snails, and flies,
Their Hive a shapeless ruin lies;
No wax or honey to be found,
Their cells all tumbl'd to the ground;
In short, a government no longer,
They singly die with cold and hunger.

How willing wou'd they pay a tax
On honey now, and cells and wax!
Alas! the offer comes too late
For taxes to restore the State:
Too late they find this maxim true—
"With all that industry can do
"No Bees can live, no Trade can thrive
"Without a Government and Hive."

MINERVA's SPEECH

IN A COUNCIL OF THE GODS, A. M. 579.

THE Gods in council met, and thus began
Debating on the present state of Man.
Jove, as in order first to speak, proclaims
The world in ruin from ambition's aims:
Kings, not contented with their kingly pow'r,
From pride tyrannical still grasp at more:
Subjects again, too rich and restless grown,
The just prerogatives of Kings disown:
'Gainst equal laws their equal rights maintain,
And order yields to anarchy the rein.

"My

" My counsel is, and be it understood,
" To bring upon the whole another flood ;
" Then see, to Gods a far more pleasing sight,
" Another world on better terms unite."

He spoke, and *Juno* with majestic nod,
Assented to the motion of her God.

Minerva next, with countenance serene,
Thus rose dissentient from th'Olympic Queen :
" Though great the crimes and follies of mankind,
" 'Tis ours to weigh them with an equal mind :
" But say, ye Gods !—destroy the present race,
" What better beings should supply their place ?
" Increase of strength or wisdom would you grant ?
" More than they have is more than mortals want ;
" Already more than half a Deity
" Man, as he is, is all that man shou'd be.

" But after all, this melancholy view
" Of man's condition is but partly true.
" When *France*, born down with arbitrary sway,
" More than the subject cou'd or ought obey,
" With firm resolve determin'd or to die
" Or rear the sacred Tree of Liberty ;

" Who

" Who but applauds the cause in which she fought,
" And owns the nation acted as it ought?
" 'Tis not their love of freedom could offend,
" But the dire means employ'd to gain the end.
" Misguided nation! had thy only aim
" Been the just rights of Freedom to reclaim,
" Thy Nobles nor thy reverend Priests had fled,
" Nor thy ill-fated, injur'd Monarch bled!
" Soon had thy realms with liberty been crown'd,
" And peace with plenty bless'd the nations round.
" Leave we this race, above all council grown,
" To ruin, since they seek it by their own.

" Lo! where *Britannia* lifts her head and smiles,
" Highest in fame and happiest of Isles!
" Hither discordant nations let us bring
" To see and, as they must, to love a King.
" Hither let *Frederic* come, and envying see
" A Sovereign mighty o'er a people free:
" Hither the *Empress*, nor, too proud, disdain
" From hence to smooth the rigors of her reign.
" *Holland* I see, with looks abash'd and low,
" (Of *France* already the fraternal foe—)
" Prepar'd with suppliant boughs to cross the main,
" And crave her exil'd *Stadholder* again.

" *Discord*, alas! has found a monstrous birth
" In this, this happiest nation upon earth!
" But join, ye Gods! her spreading flames to quell,
" And drive the raging Fury back to Hell.
" So shall your favorite island stem the tide
" Of *Gallic* madness, and, with decent pride,
" Boast, when the savage din of arms shall cease,
" She gave to *Europe* universal Peace!"

The Gods rise instant, and, with one acclaim,
Approve the wisdom of the blue-ey'd dame:
Record upon their journals this Decree,
And send it down to earth by *Mercury:*

" Resolv'd, That *England* ever shall maintain
" Unrivall'd empire o'er her subject main:
" Firm to her King and Government, withstand
" The rude assaults of fell sedition's band;
" And, whilst contending nations round her fall,
" Shall rise the dread and envy of them all."

VILLAGE HARMONY.

IN HUMBLE IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF *SWIFT*.

FAR from a city's noise and strife,
And all the busy scenes of life,
In some sequester'd vale to live,
Was all I ask'd the Gods to give:
My prayer was heard, and off I went
To a small village down in *Kent*.

As soon as settled in my Farm,
A pleasant dwelling snug and warm;
My first concern was to enquire,
Who was the *Parson*, who the *Squire*?
Or, if no company so high,
Who was the smartest *Yeoman* nigh,
With whom to take a glass and smoke,
Talk politics or crack a joke?
Of all these matters in the dark,
I sent and ask'd the *Parish Clerk*,
Who freely came, and o'er my ale
As freely thus began his tale.

"Sir,

" Sir, for a Priest, we all agree
" You seldom shall a better see :
" But then, it grieves my heart to tell,
" The Squire and he don't settle well :
" So wide the difference, that now
" They never speak or even bow :
" Not all particulars to name,
" Their quarrel was about the *game*."

" Of their dispute, if this were all,
" The consequence might seem but small;
" But now the parish all divide,
" And arm on this or t'other side.
" Against the *Vicar* furious, one
" Swears he'd no business with a gun :
" His neighbour on the other side
" Contends that he was *qualified*,
" Had just as good a right to kill
" As any *Squire*, be who he will.
" Hence party feuds and angry rubs
" Have ruin'd all our village clubs.
" 'Tis your's to chuse which side you please,
" You cannot live with both in peace.

" Two *Brothers* next, right honest men—
" But here's a difference again—
" Though both of ample fortunes boast,
" The Uncle left the youngest most.
" From hence their grudges run so high
" They never meet in company:
" To separate however loth,
" You never must invite them both;
" And if you only ask this brother,
" You certainly offend the other.

" Two other neighbours well agree,
" And, Sir, wou'd suit you to a T,
" Each of a chearful generous soul,
" Fond of a friend, a pipe and bowl:
" But then the comfort of their lives
" Is wholly ruin'd by their *Wives;*
" Their wives (confound 'em I cou'd say)
" Will not let either have his way;
" But both agree, like hellish fiends,
" T'affront their husband's dearest friends.
" Hence these good, honest, jolly fellows
" Are wholly driven to the ale-house,
" Wisely forsaking house and wife,
" Where all is rudeness, noise, and strife.

" As

" As for the rest, a motley crew
" Of party fools, the Lord knows who,
" Unless with this you push about
" *Pitt*, and with t'other drink him *out*,
" Sure to displease, from private shelf
" You had better take it by yourself.

" Excuse the freedom of my hint,
" Your ale wou'd bear another pint.

" More freely now to speak my mind,
" I fear, good Sir, you'll never find,
" If peace and friendship are so dear,
" Those objects of your wishes here.
" Indeed 'tis pity you came down
" And left in such a haste the town."

Poets may tell us as they please
Of rural harmony and peace,
The fond experiment who tries
Will often find the Poet lies,
And holds a picture to his view
In colours fair, but far from true.

TO MISS G——,

SINGING TO HER PIANO FORTE.

ORPHEUS in Music was so great,
As ancient poets will relate,
That rocks and woods wou'd form a ring
To hear the mighty master sing.

Arion too, as others tell,
Play'd so icnomparably well,
The very fish he cou'd command
Out of their element to land.

Poets I never yet cou'd trust,
'Till you convince me that the first,
Endu'd with equal pow'rs to please,
Might animate both stones and trees.

Cou'd Music then, 'gainst nature's law,
The fishes from their waters draw?
I easily conceive it true
If fam'd *Arion* play'd like you.

KATE

KATE OF SUFFOLK.

OF Beauty and of Love the Queen
Is drawn in *Kate of Aberdeen;*
And all agree the poet drew
Her picture admirably true:
No glow of colours could combine
To make a mortal more divine;
In short, all thought her *Venus* driven
By *Juno*'s jealousy from heaven.
But *Kate of Suffolk* had he seen—
Alas! poor *Kate of Aberdeen!*

TO THREE SISTERS,

URGING ME TO DECLARE A PREFERENCE.

GO *Hermes*, said *Jove*, and find *Paris* out,
The mountain of *Ida* his flocks feed about,
And give him this apple—Then tell him his duty
Is to settle a point in dispute upon Beauty:
Minerva with *Juno* and *Venus* agree
To leave it to him, and abide his decree.

The

The youth thought the honor was great—made his bow,
But felt himself awkward—he did not know how:
Three Goddesses!—each a fair claim on her side—
'Twas a matter too nice for him to decide;
So he begg'd to be off—but all he cou'd say
Wou'd not do, *Jove* commanded, and he must obey.

Ah, Shepherd! I wish 'twas so easy a case
As simply to judge of a beautiful face,
That I must decide—three Nymphs, who to sense,
All equal in beauty, have equal pretence,
Of equal good nature, best gift of the three,
And, to boast of myself, all partial to me,
Impose on their Swain a condition so hard
As to say which possesses his greatest regard.

Admit, ye fair Maids! my demand, of the three
To know which possesses the greatest for me;
This secret of love who will freest impart,
Commands both the apple, my hand, and my heart.

THE THREE CELESTIAL GIFTS.

VENUS and Wisdom's Queen were on my side,
And granted all I ask'd for in a bride;
The *Cyprian* Goddess love and beauty gave;
Minerva all the sense I wish'd to have;
Officious *Juno*, in a temper sour,
Came in and ruin'd all by giving power:
But why wou'd *Delia* like the giver be,
The least engaging Goddess of the three?

In wedlock if she looks for lasting bliss,
Her sense will tell her to relinquish this:
Content with wit and beauty to resign
A gift too manly, and far better mine.
Such power may rule the Thunderer above—
I own but those of beauty, wit, and love:
Of these may *Delia* to the latest hour
With unabated force employ the power.

DELIA's REPLY.

WOMAN in wedlock seldom aims at rule,
But first provok'd to govern by a fool.

In

In *Strephon* let *Minerva's* wisdom shine,
And *Juno's* gift his *Delia* will resign;
Her only emulation then, to prove
She equals him in constancy of love.
If strive they must in wedlock, let their strife
Be that of love—and let it last for life.

ODE, TO Mr. *PITT*.

'TIS *Wine* inspires the world with wit,
The village, town and city;
Want money as you will, my *Pitt*,
To tax *it* is a pity.

Colin, who late cou'd *Chloe* charm,
So talkative and gay,
No longer from the bottle warm,
Scarce finds a word to say.

Choice Spirits at the city feast
In sober dulness stare;
Without a song, without a jest,
Mere *Aldermen* and *Mayor*.

The

The merry *Bard*, who erst wou'd sing
In notes so sweet and full,
Alas! now droops upon the wing,
For poetry too dull.

Our very *Vicar* o'er his text,
It grieves my muse to tell,
For lack of *Port*, grows more perplext,
Nor preaches half so well.

A tax so heavy, to remove
Great Minister! think fit;
Nor fetter thus the pow'rs of love,
And damp the pow'rs of wit.

LAMENTATION OF A POST BOY.

GOOD people all attend I pray,
And listen to my ditty;
For what poor *Stephen* has to say,
Must sure excite your pity.

Both

Both *lame* and *blind* he could not pass,
A snail so slow was he;
Till mounted on his dapper *Ass*,
He flew like *Mercury*.

Oft has he gone, when sent express
For newspaper or letter,
Within six hours and sometimes less,
Four miles and rather better.

Such was the speed with which he went,
That he was call'd by most
Who by his bag their letters sent,
The *Brand'ston* Flying Post.

Behold him now, poor fallen man!
On foot, and forc'd to crawl
As crooked, and no faster than
A snail upon the wall.

You, who have legs to walk upon,
Two legs, and want no more;
Pity the wretch! that has but one,
And set him upon four.

Then on his *Ass* will *Stephen* ride—
And wish for nothing higher;
Nor envy the *Equestrian* pride
Of *Vicar* or of *Squire*.

So shall your humble Post Boy thrive,
So blithe his hours shall pass,
That none in *Brand'ston* town shall live
Like *Stephen* and his *Ass*.

ON THE CAPTURE OF THE SPANISH SHIP

EL SALVADOR DEL MUNDI.

JERVIS the British thunder hurl'd
Against the *Saviour of the World:*
Yet *Jervis* and his British crew
So resolute, were christians true.

The bigot *Spaniard* was to blame
To give his ship his *Saviour's* name;
And not to see, strange oversight!
His *Saviour* was not *born to fight*.

Mistaken *Spaniard!* cou'd thy Lord,
Who bids us ever *sheath the sword*,
From His pacific spirit cease,
And break himself the bonds of peace?

What, foremost to the *Battle* bring,
Of Peace the everlasting King!
To bury in the watry grave
The very Sons he came to save!
Oh, worse than weak Religionists! cou'd He,
All Love on Earth be Enmity at Sea?

A PARODY.

THREE Heroes* in three Actions on the Main,
Have triumph'd over *Holland*, *France*, and *Spain*.
The *first* in intrepidity surpass'd,
The *next* in promptitude, in both the *last*.
Nature in future fame to equal such,
Must form new *French*, new *Spaniards*, and new *Dutch*.

* Earl *Howe*, Earl St. *Vincent*, Lord Viscount *Duncan*.

EPIGRAMS.

IN DUCEM CLASSIARIUM DE WINTER,

ADAMO DUNCANO *CEDENTEM.*

IN mare nunc socii tutas deducite Classes—
Arbiter Oceani victus abivit Hyems.
Victus Hyems! Hiemem Neptunus *nempe subegit—*
Non ita, Duncanus, *qui modo vicit, erat.*
Gloria nunc Adami *est totum dilata per orbem—*
Primus homo in terris, *primus et ille* mari.

TRANSLATED BY A FRIEND.

OUR Fleets in safety now may leave the shore,
For *Winter* beaten rules at sea no more.
Winter! By whom cou'd Winter beaten be?
By DUNCAN, the true Neptune of the sea.
Adam, who first on earth his reign begun,
Reigns first at sea in virtue of his son.

ON

ON THE CAPTURE OF L'*HERCULE* BY THE *MARS*.

FIGHTING for *France* stout *Hercules* must shrink,
And to the *British Mars* or strike or sink;
Mars cou'd he find amongst the *Gallic* fleet,
Fifty to one our *Hercules* wou'd beat.

FROM THE FRENCH*.

I Think, cries *Peter*, (wond'rous witty)
If all the Cuckolds in our City
Collected on the shore cou'd be,
And duck'd together in the sea,
The scene would make a deal of fun,
With little or no damage done.
Right, quoth his wife, who chance was standing near—
It wou'd be fun—but can you *swim*, my dear?

T ON

* The original stands thus in *Owen*'s Latin Epigrams:

In mare cornuti jaciantur, *Pontius* inquit—
Pontia respondet, disce *natare* prius.

ON MY SUIT OF *FLEECY HOSIERY.*

THE innocent and guilty, it is clear,
Are by no settl'd rules distinguish'd here;
Or wou'd yon' shiv'ring lamb, of cloathing thinner
So guiltless freeze, to warm the guilty sinner?

CHARITY.

SINCE Scripture says, whatever good you do
With the right hand, the left should never know;
Dick takes the words precisely as they stand,
And trusts discovery to neither hand;
His Charity from both so closely hid,
He calls it doing as the Scriptures bid.

NO GREAT DIFFERENCE.

THE want of money is the curse of *Will*,
Ben has the money and he wants it still;
What mighty difference, pray tell me then,
In wants and happiness 'twixt *Will* and *Ben*?

THE SECRET.

IN keeping Secrets you and I are even,
You told it only me, I only *Stephen*;
Now, to the Indies shou'd your Secret flie,
You sent it forward just as far as I.

DOING THINGS BY HALVES.

TO get some verses from me his design,
He treated me with half a pint of wine:
He got the verses, and they clearly shew it,
That half a pint will make but half a poet.

DYING DUNGHILL.

*CLARENCE** must yield with little or no strife
When he submitted in the Butt to drown:
For had he wish'd to live and drank for life,
He surely might have kept the *Malmsey* down.

IN

* A famous Duke of that name, drown'd, as history says, in a Butt of Malmsey Wine.

IN AND OUT OF SPIRITS.

IN Spirits good, I sing this lay,
How much too short the longest day!
My Spirits bad, I change my song,
The shortest day, how much too long!

LIGHT WEIGHTS.

PATIENTS rejoice! said honest Doctor *Will*—
Light are my Weights, and light of course my Pill.

ON THE TAX ON CLOCKS, &c.

VULGARLY CALLED A TAX ON *TIME**.

'GAINST Ministers, whatever Taxes past,
Opponents said their Taxes cou'd not *last*.
To silence this complaint, our knowing Prime
Comes boldly forward with a Tax on *Time*:
Let Opposition now give in a plan,
And name a Tax more *lasting* if they can.

ON

* There has been almost as much cry againt this Tax, as daring and impious, as there was against that upon *Light* when the Window Tax first came up.

ON A LATE ANNIVERSARY.

OUR —*s*, and — — —*s*, and — —*s* too,
About this Gala Day make much ado;
Yet *Charles* hemm'd in by Patriots who sees—
Sees but the simple game of *Fox and Geese*.
Can any Goose so wondrous silly be
As to sly Reynard for his life to flee?
Such silly Geese we surely have at home
In — — —*n*, in — —*ne*, and in —*be*.

EPITAPHS.

I am induced to attempt a translation of the following elegant inscription by the request of a Lady, who very lately sent it me for that purpose. It appears on a monument to the memory of Mrs. *Susanna Serle*, wife of *Peter Serle* Esq. in Testwood Church, Hants. Written, I understand, by Mr. *Wharton*.

CONJUX chara vale! Tibi maritus,
Hoc pono memori manû sepulchrum.
At quales lacrymas tibi rependam,
Dum tristi recolo, Susanna, corde,
Quam constans, animo neque impotenti,
Tardi sustuleras acuta lethi,
Me spectans placidis supremum ocellis!

Quod si pro meritis vel ipse flerem,
Quo fletû tua te relicta proles,

Proles

Proles parvula, rite prosequetur,
Custodem, sociam, ducem, parentem!

At quorsum lacrymæ?—Valeto, raræ
Exemplum pietatis, O Susanna!

TRANSLATION.

FAREWELL, sweet partner of my life, farewell!
How dear thy memory this stone may tell.
But when reflection brings thee back again,
Lingering in death, in agonizing pain,
So felt, and so endur'd—and, oh! the last
Last look so placid on thy Husband cast!
What tears of sorrow large enough can flow,
Or to express it, or relieve my woe!

But cou'd *my* grief with overflowing tear
Some due proportion to thy merits bear;
Alas! the little Innocents you leave—
What sighs of anguish must *their* bosoms heave!
In life's tempestuous sea of danger tost,
Friend, Guide and Guardian, in their Parent lost!

Yet why my tears?—In vain on griefs we dwell—
Rare pattern of true piety, Farewell!

ON

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

By G. C. P.

WHAT once was all in woman that we love,
Venus in form, in innocence her dove;
What once to charm us upon earth was given,
Lies buried here—the rest may charm in Heaven.

ON AN INFANT.

By the Same.

FAREWELL, fairest, sweetest flower!
Eliza's joy and pride!
Warm'd by the sunshine of an hour,
It open'd, clos'd, and dy'd!

Farewell, fairest, sweetest flower!
But why thy fate deplore?
Hence wilt thou bloom in Heaven's bow'r,
To fade away no more!

ON A SCOLD.

IN IMITATION OF *SWIFT*.

UNDER this marble rests the Wife,
Who never rested in her life.
Executors! whene'er I die,
At a good distance let me lie;
Lest in her wonted clamours drown'd,
I lose the last loud Trumpet's sound;
And ever live, as I begin,
The drum of her eternal din.

WISHING WELL *TO THE LAST*.

IN IMITATION OF THE SAME.

UNDER this turf our Vicar lies,
Who duly preach'd of Heaven and Hell;
Up to the first we hope he'll rise,
But *to the last* we wish him well.

IN DUODECIM PASSERES, A PUERIS INHUMANE DECOLLATOS, ET VILI PRETIO TRIUM § DENARIORUM VENDITOS.

——Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra Fames!——

Hic jacent,
LESBIA‡ *plorante,*
Duodecim Passeres,
Noctú
E domiciliis inopinato rapti,
Et
Judicibus corruptissimis
Vix pretio
Sine crimine
In necem repentinam damnati.
Animas leves levi flatú
In aerem remiserunt
Prid. Kal. Julii
MDCCXCVIII.

Abi Lector!
Et
Te AVEM MINERVÆ,
Non Passerem esse
Gaude.

Here

§ The price of a dozen according to Act of Parliament.

‡ Vide Tibul. Eleg.

HERE in one grave twelve Sparrows lie,
Condemn'd without offence;
But by hard judges doom'd to die
For lucre of three pence.

Instead of Sparrow, as you read,
Reflect with grateful soul,
How kindly providence decreed
That you shou'd be an Owl.

IN CANICULAM BLANDIENTEM, IMMATURE OBITAM.

Quæ
Nuper inter Canes vixit
Facile pulcherrima
Et moribus suavissima,
Hic jacet
PHYLLIS.
Junone Lucinâ, *Dearum difficillimâ,*
Opem non ferente,
Ebeu!
Parturiens morti succubuit,
Ætat. suæ. 3.

HER

HER ELEGY.

HOUNDS, Grey-hounds, Spaniels, cease awhile to yell,
For once ye village curs a silence keep!
Attentive listen to the dismal knell,
And as ye listen, cling the tail and weep!

Phyllis is dead! Her mistress' dear delight!
Phyllis, the sweetest of the Lap-dog kind,
Is lost untimely in the realms of night,
Nor leaves a likeness of herself behind!

His play-mate lost, the solitary *Tray*
Nor kennel leaves, nor drops his hollow cry;
The melancholy *Cat* mews night and day,
And Mice unheeded dance before her eye.

Oft wou'd they stretch together at the fire,
Together lick the cream pot and the plate;
Full many a pair who saw them might admire,
And envy too *the life of dog and cat.*

The cruel *Cook Maid*, now she is no more,
For scalds full many, heaves full many a sigh:
And * *George*, who never shed a tear before,
With briny cheeks bewails her destiny.

The *Vicar*, either harden'd against woe,
No tributary tear is seen to pay;
Or, proud his stern philosophy to shew,
Says only, *every Dog must have his day.*

Her *Mistress*, in the ruminating vein,
With pity mix'd, engraves these simple rhymes,
The moral good, however rude the strain,
To warn the *Favorites* of future times:

UNDER THIS TURF IS GENTLE PHYLLIS LAID,
WHO DY'D IN YOUTH A TWELVE-MONTH SHORT
OF FOUR—
CONTENTED HAD SHE BEEN TO DIE A MAID,
PERHAPS SHE MIGHT HAVE LIV'D A DOZEN MORE.

* A servant boy, chiefly remarkable for his apathies.

ON

ON MY LATE PUBLICATIONS.

FEW were my days and full of trouble too,
From the pert censures of a dull * Review :
For Critic dulness stimulates my pain,
As mist affects me worse than downright rain :
To bring my simile still nearer life,
As amputation with a blunted knife.
Soon this Review may lie as low, and then
Who knows but I may rise to life again ?
Once rais'd to life by favor of *Apollo*,
No fear such Critics shou'd get up and follow.

* The Critical.

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